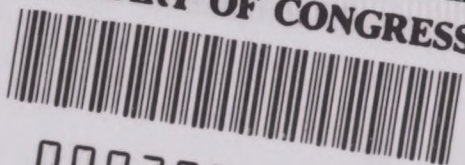


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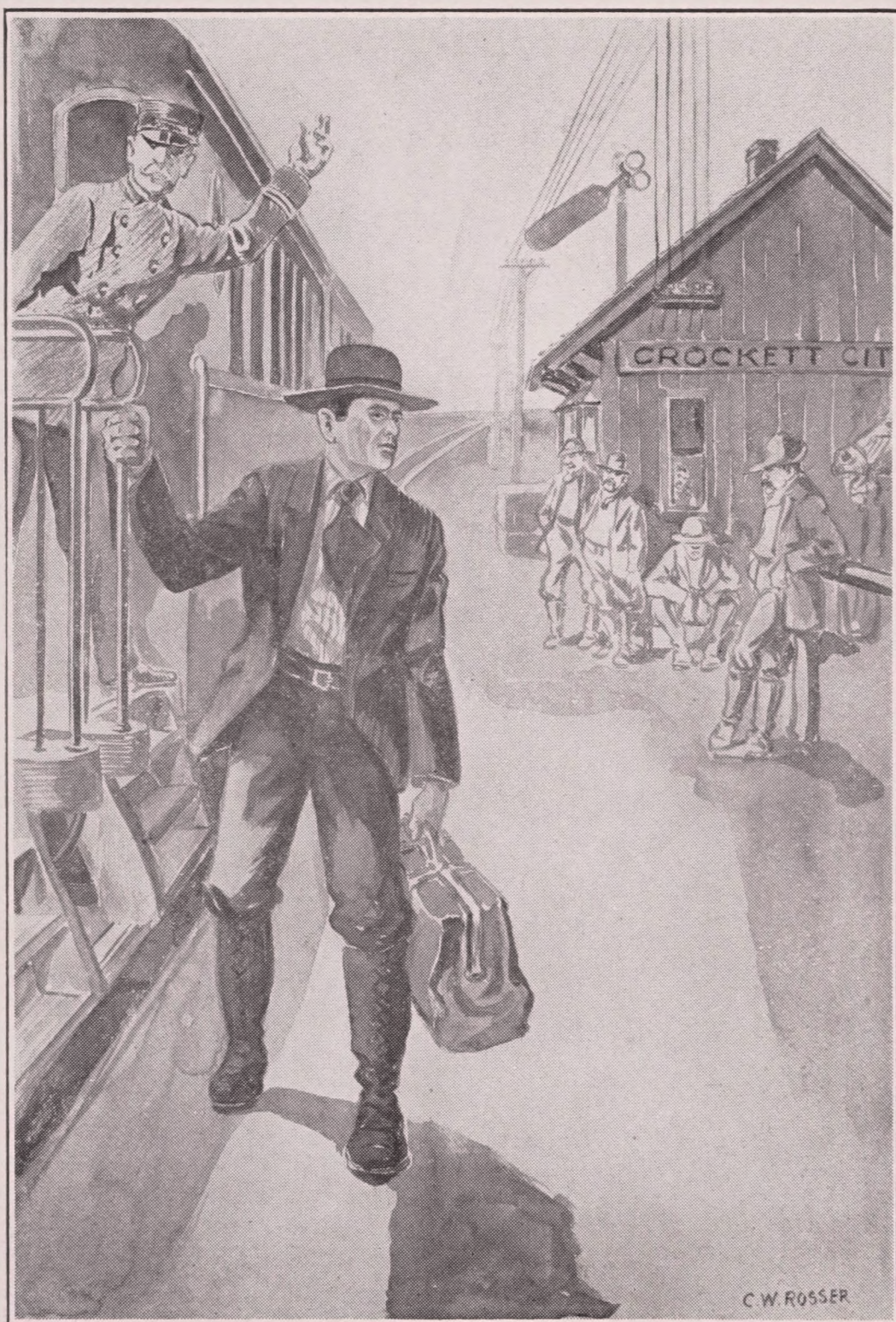


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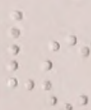


A young man sprang down upon the cinder "platform."
[Page 21]

Caleb of the Hill Country

By

Charles Allen McConnell



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DEDICATION.

TO THE FAITHFUL ONES—FIT COMPANIONS TO THE
MARTYRS OF ALL AGES—WHO, BEARING THE MARTYR'S
TESTIMONY THAT THE BLOOD OF JESUS CLEANSETH FROM
ALL SIN, DARED TO GO FORTH "WITHOUT THE CAMP"
BEARING HIS REPROACH, THESE PAGES ARE DEDICATED
IN LOVING FELLOWSHIP BY

THE AUTHOR.

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INTRODUCTION.

A reviewer of the manuscript of these pages gives this criticism: "Readers will put the story down as improbable—too strange even for fiction." It has not been the purpose of the author to write history, as to names and places: the characters herein are composite, and the incidents gathered from various sources, but each—character and incident—has been faithfully drawn from life.

In that part which deals with experience, the reader may confidently follow the story, being assured that there has been no exaggeration nor shading of the truth.

It is with sorrowful heart that the portrayal is made of the attitude, in the time of which the story is written, of the churches toward the preaching and testimony of heart purity—entire sanctification—the baptism with the Holy Ghost. What is herein written is true; it must stand for judgment. The Christ came first to the house of Israel, but the chosen people crucified the Son of God.

With the prayer that the reader may be able to recognize the giants of the hill country—his own par-

ticular Anakims—and in the power of the Holy Spirit put them to death, thus to be cleansed, and filled with perfect love, as was Caleb Wainwright, this volume is sent forth.

CHARLES ALLEN McCONNELL.

Kansas City, Mo., May, 1914.

Caleb of the Hill Country

CHAPTER I

OLD MAN MASON COMES TO TOWN

Through the open windows of the printing office came the creaking and chuck-cluck of a canvas-covered wagon, as it plowed deeply through the red sand of the street, approaching the General Dry Goods and Groceries Store of Rube Dorman, where the weekly addition to an account for bacon and coffee and tobacco would be made, to be paid for with the scant cotton crop in the fall.

In front of the one row of unpainted, wooden box-houses, which comprised the business district of the town, men tilted back upon rawhide-bottomed chairs, shaded from the too ardent rays of the March sun, "resting," as they smoked and spat, and discussed the price and prospect of the cotton crop.

The ring of iron upon iron, which had made music in Milton Wade's blacksmith shop since the first streak of dawn, had ceased. The last "Georgia-stock" plow had been pointed, and now, in the place smoothed off before the shop, the blacksmith and three or four other men were busily engaged in a game of marbles.

From the Farmers' Exchange Saloon, the most pretentious building of the row, came the click of

dominoes, and an occasional oath, as some player cursed his luck. This place of business, by the way, had rank in importance with the big store, being a two-story edifice, with the lodge room overhead. The proprietor of the place was one of the most jovial of men, a "good fellow," a liberal supporter of the Baptist church, a singer in the choir, and one whose name was never absent from a subscription list for "charity." At this time of year, Bud Slavin, the proprietor of the Farmers' Exchange Saloon, and Rube Dorman, the merchant, were good friends; and their rivalry, each to be the rich man of the community, was good-natured. But later, in the fall, when a farmer's bale of cotton could by no means be made to cover the merchant's bacon and tobacco account and the padded liquor bill, there would be strife and bad words and threatened blows, and visits to the Squire's office—for all of which the farmer paid.

At the end of the street, close up against and in the shade of the Methodist church, seemingly meditating upon the possibility of reaching the cooler situation of the hogs who were contentedly grunting beneath the sagging-roofed, bulged-sided building, were a half dozen cows, so lean that they might have been the originals of Pharaoh's dream of famine.

In the yards of the homes, ranging on either side of the street, the peach trees were a billowy mass of pink-and-white bloom, glorifying the mean and the commonplace with the crown of spring.

All this met the eye and ear and thought of Caleb Wainwright, editor and proprietor of the *Crockett City Enterprise*, as he sat with elbows upon the ink-spattered table, chin in his hands. The measured click-click of type in the stick of the one compositor at the case in the rear of the office mingled with the "Sweet, sweet! see her, see her!" of a redbird, and a jumble of liquid sounds from the mockingbird in the post oak at the window. Caleb looked, but dreamed; and sordidness and squalor had no place in the vision.

Suddenly he sprang to his feet. Far down the street there was approaching a cloud of dust. A faint echo of a pistol shot—again and again. Nearer, a man on horseback appeared, riding wildly. Nearer still, and yells and a torrent of horrid profanity came rolling in. The domino players crowded from the saloon door; the few traders left their bargaining in the store; the men in front of the blacksmith shop leaped up from taw and alley; a white-faced woman, her black calico sunbonnet hanging down her back, stood for a moment shaking like a leaf, and then sank down at the side of the street unable to move; some school children scuttled out of harm's way between two buildings. Old Man Mason had come to town.

Old Man Mason was known as the "bad man" of the settlement. With grizzled beard, unkempt hair, a face seamed and wrinkled, with bloodshot eyes, he was the picture of a life that had gone wrong—had missed its mark. Roughness of person, manner or speech would excite neither comment or notice in

the frontier settlements of the southwest. The country was new and rough, and the niceties of civilization had laid small demands, as yet, upon the dwellers of these hills. Some, indeed, among them had drifted in from distant centers of civilization, but as man ever finds it easier to sink to a level than to raise others, they had not been long in taking their places among the hill dwellers as to the manner born.

But Old Man Mason compelled attention whenever the impulse led him from his near-by ranch to the little town. His was not the windy courage of the cowboy of the story-writers—a type seldom if ever seen—rather, he seemed, when liquor was in, to be possessed by seven devils, each one more hatefully wicked than the other. Although already well along in years, his lean, wiry body was as tough as seasoned postoak, and his vociferous complaint was that the times had degenerated and no men were left to fight. Occasionally the old man would be accommodated in his desire—after which, when he had sobered up, he would present himself early in the morning of the next day to the 'Squire, ask permission to plead guilty to an affray, and pay his fine.

The appearance of the old man upon the street would always be the signal for women and children and peaceably disposed citizens to retire from sight, and if possible from hearing, as the profanity of the drink-crazed man was more than even the common sinner could endure. The story is yet told to the second generation of Crockett City, of the time when

a Deputy Sheriff from the countyseat in the valley happened into town at the time of one of Old Man Mason's visits. The latter had not as yet reached the fighting stage, but, hilarious over his winnings at the card table in the rear of the Farmers' Exchange, was walking up and down the middle of the street, expressing his views upon affairs earthly and heavenly, paying particular attention to peace officers and preachers. As the imprecations and blasphemies rolled out and over town, the Deputy stood in open-mouthed wonder.

"What is it? Who is he? Why isn't he pulled?" demanded he.

"Why, that's Old Man Mason come to town. He's just got started. Wait till he gets full, and you'll see fun."

The Deputy marched down the street and took his position in front of the torrent of profanity. The old man paused, looked the officer over from head to pistol belt, and with a scurrilous epithet demanded, "What do you want?"

"I want you," replied the Deputy, his hand resting on the holster.

"What's the matter with you?" asked the old man in evident astonishment. "I ain't tanked up yet, and I ain't hit a man in a week. When I do, I know where to pay the fine without any fool Deputy showing me."

"I want you for using profane language in a public place. Come along."

The old man went with the officer as one who walks in a dream—What was the country coming to, that a man's liberty was to be interfered with in this way?

Of course a crowd followed to the justice's office, where 'Squire Belton opened court; but foremost, keeping close to the officer and prisoner, were those whom the proprietor of the Farmer's Exchange had quickly gathered. No trial in that court ever went against the wish of Bud Slavin.

The complaint filed, the old man appearing in his own behalf, demanded an immediate trial, and asked for a jury. The 'Squire appointed a bystander to represent the State, and quickly the crowd from the saloon was impanelled, and then the testimony of the officer was given. It was that the prisoner had been parading the public streets like a madman, evidently in a state of insane rage, cursing in a manner calculated to disturb the peace and dignity of the community. The old man insisted that the officer repeat the objectionable sentences he had heard, much to the amusement of the bystanders and even the jury. Then, arising and addressing the court he declared that he had had, that morning, a call from the Lord to preach, and had been obeying the divine command in uncovering the sins of the preachers and peace officers, when the Deputy had interfered with the sermon and broken up the meeting.

The jury retired, and at once returned with a verdict of "not guilty." The old man turned to the

Deputy saying, "Now, young fellow, you didn't have anything against me when you came, but if you'll lay that gun off, you'll have something to take away."

That was Old Man Mason. But drunkard and gambler and blasphemer that he was, he was a hard worker, between his sprees, honest in his business relations, and had carved himself out a beautiful farm in a valley between the hills. To the south where his fields widened out into the broad Pecan Valley, his farm was joined by the ranch of Bud Slavin, proprietor of the Farmers' Exchange Saloon.

As Old Man Mason had neither kith nor kin, so far as was known, it was a matter of neighborhood speculation who would get his rich little farm when his life should come to its prophesied sudden termination. It was to settle this question that the evil spirit had whispered a plan into the willing ear of Bud Slavin, and with devilish ingenuity he proceeded to carry it out.

Naboth's vineyard was no more desirable to King Ahab than were the fertile fields of Old Man Mason to the saloon keeper. Aside from its productiveness and its advantageous position, it possessed for Bud the seeming requisite of perfection to his own ranch; for out of the hills which bordered the little valley farm, there gushed a great, ever-living spring, which took its way across the rich fields, down into the broad valley, where it emptied into Big Sandy.

In the southwest, where stockraising is an important industry, the possession of an unfailing supply of

good water is an asset of great importance. While Old Man Mason grew cotton and corn, Bud Slavin raised cattle. And while the water of Big Sandy might, and frequently did, dry up during the long, hot summers, and the waters from the little hill stream fail before traversing the valley, at the spring itself there was always an abundance of water for all the cattle the big ranch would sustain. Again and again Slavin had endeavored to buy this farm from the old man, but, with what seemed an unreasoning stubbornness Mason declared that his own hands had made the place what it was, and that no one save himself, as long as he lived, should have the good of it.

There had been a time within that generation, in the great southwest, when the refusal of a "nester" to dispose of his homestead to the cattle king, would yield as fatal result as that which came to the owner of the vineyard of Jezreel. On a prominent corner of a little city of rapidly growing commercial importance, there stands a stately stone church, beautiful as to architecture, elegant as to furnishing. No demand is made upon the worshipers for the care of the house, or for the expense of pastor, solo singer or organist, for this is the John Lord Memorial, and house and service are sacred to the memory of the great cattle king. Should you have visited the place, and won the confidence of one of the older generation who had known the great man in life, you might have heard a strange story—how it came that the ranch of John Lord grew to embrace a domain not to be meas-



Old Man Mason had come to town. [Page 11]

ured by acres, but by square miles. It would be recalled that obstreperous owners of homesteads would suddenly disappear—"skip the country," Lord's men would give out; that others, invited to the great man's headquarters, and having transferred their holdings to him for a goodly sum, paid in check, would be found next morning dead by the trail, never having reached home that night, and, it was added, never was there found one of the checks upon the dead man, for their heirs to present for payment.

But conditions were changing in the southwest: the small farmer was coming into his own, and the ranchman no longer could, unquestioned, rob and murder. Then, too, Bud Slavin had not yet reached the place of wealth and power he had set for himself, and if Naboth was to be removed, it was best to be done within the law.

"Say, old man," remarked Bud genially, to Mason one day, "you're the toughest old nut I ever saw. You can work all day, drink all night and fight all next day. You must come of a family that lives forever."

"Well, I reckon about like that," responded the old man. My father back in east Tennessee, lived to be ninety year old, and his father was killed after eighty-five."

"Ha! ha!" laughed the saloon keeper. "We'll have to listen to your street preaching for quite a spell yet, I see. But look here, old man, you'll have to die some time—we all got to cash in, you know. Now you're a game sport, and I want to gamble a little with you.

You can't take that place with you where you're going—that old rocky point would melt sure enough down there. Now I'll tell you what I'll do: I'll give you \$200 a year and all the red liquor you can drink, and the rent of the place free as long as you live, if you'll fix up the papers that I'm to have the farm when you die."

The old man cast his eyes over the increasingly bloated form of his neighbor, and made some conclusions of his own; his eyes gleamed. "It's a gamble. I take you. But you'll put in it that if you fail up any year with the money or the liquor, the contract's broken."

And this way the contract had stood for three years previous to the opening of our story. On the one hand, the saloon man, with all the infernal wiles of the devil, and with the assistance of the crowd which he kept about him, set to his purpose to "make Old Man Mason drink himself to death, or get killed in one of his own rows." On the other hand the old man banked confidently upon the vitality inherited from his clean-living ancestors, and upon the growing attachment of the saloon keeper to his own wares.

The contest between the two, life for life, became a subject for community discussion, so that sides were taken, and partisanship for one or the other openly declared. Thus, when, one Sunday morning, the old man came in sober for his weekly mail, a rock thrown from behind a corner of a building, crushed a hole in the back of the old man's skull, there were not lack-

ing those who declared that Bud Slavin was beginning to lose faith in the strength of his liquor.

But the old man got well, and his two months of enforced abstinence seemed to neither improve his temper nor destroy his thirst. Again and again, yells, pistol shots and flood of profanity would bring the inhabitants of Crockett City to doors and windows to see people scurrying from the street—for Old Man Mason was coming to town.

CHAPTER II

CALEB OF THE HILL COUNTRY

Since men began to put into words the overflowing emotions of their soul, has there been sung the beauty of the hills. Commerce may thrive upon the plain, and all the works of man gather to their boasting, but it is in the hills that God shows His handiwork. "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills," sang the greatest of poets, as he gave the subject and the source of his inspiration.

God moves in the strife and clamor of the busy marts of the plains, but in the hills there are solitudes—and God whispers to men His secrets in the places of silence. In the lands below, man's eyes are turned earthward, for there is gain to be found, and man-made traps to be avoided; in the hills, the whole heaven proffers itself for man's pathway, and the untrammelled spirit leaps out into the infinite. The lowlands are the place of smoke and fog and noisome vapor; there the darkness begins first to creep, and clings the longest. The hills lift themselves into the atmosphere of heaven; first to them rosy morn flings the signal of her coming, and day departing leaves her lingering good-night there.

Ah! the hills are God's earth-picture of the New Jerusalem, where vision is piled on vision; where glory is dissolved into glory; where time, with its rush and fret and sin, falls away, and nature rests in the holiness and peace and joy of God.

"We came unto the land whither thou sentest us, and surely it floweth with milk and honey * * nevertheless the people be strong that dwell in the land * * and moreover we saw the children of Anak there. * * And Caleb said, Let us go up at once and possess it."

With a grinding of wheels and a chug, the Overland Express came to a stop at the small red station, and a young man sprang down upon the cinder "platform." He was tall and loose-jointed, and might easily have given the impression of uncouthness, but for a certain air of directness and decision that marked his movements. The face under the soft, broadbrim hat, showed blue-grey eyes that held yours with a steady grip; a forehead high, ending in a straight line of black hair; prominent cheek bones; nose large; and chin round, but full and strong. The mouth, rather than the eyes of the young man, gave the index to the soul. While not drooping, nor despondent, in repose it spoke a spirit of sadness; while in animation it carried a smile of sweetness, and was never far from the quirk of humor.

Caleb Wainwright was a son of the hill country, and today, after an absence of fifteen years, had returned to his own. In a little mud-and-moss chinked log cabin of "two pens and a passage," on the great

slope of the hill west of the settlement, he had opened his eyes upon a life that promised little for him save mother-love. The father, when the lad was nine years of age, had fallen by the bullet of some hunter—or assassin—and to the mother and boy came the burden of support of the family.

Never had the proceeds of the small patch of hill-side cotton sufficed for even the meager necessities of that cabin home, and year after year had seen a carried-over account, at last to be made secure to Rube Dorman by a mortgage on the "farm." Faithfully the mother and the boy, and even the smaller little ones, plowed and planted and "chopped" and hoed the scanty crop. But drouth succeeded washing rains, and the harvest on Dorman's scales showed again a deficit for the store account and nothing for the mortgage.

When the sheriff came to take possession of the farm for the storekeeper, he found a group of crying children huddled about a mean bed, upon which lay an unresponding, unheeding form. The family was broken up and the children scattered, never to meet again in this world.

Caleb found a home with a cousin of his mother, back in an eastern city, where he grew to manhood. By this kinsman he was given the foundation of a good education in the city schools, was trained to the trade of a printer, but best of all, was led into a life of love and service as it is in Christ Jesus.

The poignant experiences of childhood etch deeply the tablets of memory. The sufferings—the wrongs,

the indignities, the injustice borne in early years, leave their mark forever upon the soul of the man. It is out of this fierce crucible of bitterness that come the anarchist, the highwayman, the Ishmael of society whose hand is against every man.

But not to all is this dire heritage; when the touch of the Nazarene falls upon these throbbing scars of boyhood days, their fever is allayed; peace is succeeded by pity, and compassion by a mighty impulse for service for the unfortunate, the suffering, the defrauded ones of earth.

So, to Caleb Wainwright, there came to remain not the spirit of revenge, but a purpose that in God's time he would give his life to lead his own people into the rightful inheritance of the hill country. He would confront the Anakims of poverty, ignorance, moral laxness, and spiritual deadness, and tear down their cities walled high with indifference and hopelessness. He would behead the cruel triumvirate of Debt, Drink, and Dirt, and men should again lift their shoulders, and walk like men with their eyes upon the stars of heaven, and from the hillsides should arise the shouts of praise for victory, unto the God of the goodly land.

Full of his purpose, Caleb made thorough study of economics as related to country life. He studied the subjects of soils and climates, as well as transportation and marketing—biding his time when his Joshua should open the way into the hill country. This opportunity came, when, shortly before his twenty-fifth birthday, he found himself, upon the death of his

kinsman, the recipient of a bequest of three thousand dollars.

It was the work of but a few days to purchase and ship to his old home in Crockett City the material for a small, country office. The young man reasoned that he could best bring about the success of his plans through the instruction he could give and the enthusiasm he might be able to create with a weekly paper.

While Caleb, with the optimism of youth, was sanguine of success, he was not unmindful of the magnitude of his mission. He was not disappointed when the curiosity which attaches itself to the something new under the sun, having helped to launch his enterprise, gradually ebbed, and left him to battle with few followers at the foot of the high wall of indifference. He had rightly read history: that the path of the reformer is a lonely one, and that while the face of the prophet, as he advances before his followers, is lit with the glory of God, the back which he shows to those behind is often accounted the back of a fool.

He came to his task buoyed with a heartening love for people, and an unwavering faith in God and the right. He knew that his gospel must be line upon line, precept upon precept, here a little and there a little, until at last the awakening should come and men would see and believe and enter into the better life which lay ready to their possession. God was for him; he would show his people by true word and loving deed the way of that better life. He who had fashioned the beauty of these hills for the delight of

man would reveal to him the pathway through which he would lead them out of the Egypt of their poverty. He could work and wait; what if his printing office should fail to yield him a support; success would come to him as it would come to his people; and fortunately, a third of his little fortune was as yet untouched.

It may have been in accord with and a part of his plan, or it may have been mere sentiment that led Caleb Wainwright to seek to become the possessor of the gently-sloping hillside of his old home. And what if mere sentiment? What stronger or worthier impulse can prompt to action than that which we lightly speak of as sentiment? But aside from the sentiment of filial remembrance, there was the purpose which burned in the heart of the young man to go back to the beginning—to start where poverty and failure had scored their victory, and prove that the God of the hills was a God of plenteousness and peace. Upon what better spot could his hands lay the foundation for deliverance than where defeat had claimed the field?

The farm, during the years, had passed through the possession of several owners, but by the way of store accounts and mortgage had again come into the hands of Rube Dorman, the merchant. Upon Caleb's return to his native place, he had, after a few weeks, been made welcome by the great man, for it was Dorman's business to know the financial standing of every man in the community; and for a young man, Caleb would, in

that section, be considered well-to-do. So, when he broached the subject of the purchase of the old place to the merchant, Rube genially responded.

"Sure, you can buy it. I'll sell it to you cheap. But what do you want with that old hillside? It won't grow cotton. I've had a dozen men starve out on it. I can show you a valley place down on Brushy, if you want to farm, that's sure enough land."

But it was not to be a partaker of the richness of the lowlands, that Caleb had been sent; rather to bring richness to the lives of those who dwelt in the hill country.

The deed was made, and Caleb, one day in the early fall, came into his allotment in the land which had been promised. Upon a sightly spot, in a little grove of broad-spreading oaks, he built a neat, though small house, and when he was able occasionally to hire a neighbor with his team, began to prepare the hillside for an experiment, the success of which he believed would open the way out of the debt-slavery of the people.

When he arrived at Crockett City, he had found no school worthy of the name. The building honored with the name of schoolhouse had been a storeroom for tools of the railroad gangs, when, for a time, Crockett City had been the terminus of the line. Now, toppling to one side, like a drunken man, it was likewise as filthy. Obscene pictures were chalked upon the outside walls and cut into the rude seats within; mud was tracked in upon the unswept floors until it began

to be tracked out again. The three, or at the longest, four months of school for which the state paid (for that the people should tax themselves for the education of their children was a thing not to be allowed), did not tend to attract teachers of ability or character. The soul of Caleb had sickened as he looked upon the place, and he cried within himself, "Surely this is the very citadel of the Anak of Ignorance."

Back to the eastern city had gone a letter to George Farris, a young teacher who had been his friend, portraying the beauty of the hill country, but also, in terms that gripped the young teacher's heart, was shown the bitter lives of bondage of the people to the giants of the hills. The letter closed with this appeal:

"George, God has called me to the battle here—it is a goodly land, and the inheritance is rich. Will you not come and stand by my side to deliver this people? The battle will be strong and may be long; but if God be with us, we shall drive out the Anakims. 'One shall chase a thousand, and two shall put ten thousand to flight.' I am convinced that the two will be needed."

The answer came in the person of the young teacher. During that summer enough of lukewarm interest was aroused to erect and modestly equip a building to which addition could be made as needs grew, and which, to the wonder of all and amusement of many, was neatly painted outside and in.

On the first day of November the new teacher and the new schoolhouse attracted a dozen of the children of the more prosperous of the inhabitants, and the door of a new life was opened to some of them. Later, after Christmas, others dropped in for their two months of books.

George Farris, while not a professed Christian, had the instincts of a true teacher, and was able to generate within his pupils the germs of his own high ideals. After all, reforms to take lasting root must be planted in the warm, fertile soil of childhood. The home, the church, the state that neglects childhood, defeats the purpose of its own existence. The elders may endure, but youth makes the advance.

The neat and scrupulously kept schoolroom was not long in proving the moral effect of environment. Tidiness in dress, and civility in manners began to take the place of slovenliness and boorishness. From that schoolhouse as a center, influences reached out into homes with transforming power.

There were not lacking critics of the "new-fangled" ways, but the outspoken support of Rube Dorman, and the delight of Bud Slavin in the progress of his two little girls—idols of the father's heart—settled the matter of the permanency of the school.

The heart of Caleb was full of rejoicing—already he foresaw the overthrow of the giant Ignorance. And, as for the giant Debt—that, too, would go, if the hillside plan proved true.

The fall of the first year of Caleb's return, the Conference sent as pastor of the Methodist Church, Wallace Miller, an elderly man, gentle and kindly of nature, who, though of more than ordinary education and ability, had been kept upon the less desirable charges, because of a suspicion that he favored a doctrine called the "second blessing." To "Brother" Miller, Caleb Wainwright felt at once a strange drawing in sympathy and love. Each carried in his heart a purpose to be used in the uplift of his fellows; each hated impurity and debauchery and meanness; each had faith in a loving, powerful Savior ready to deliver; and each was a passionate lover of childhood.

So it was natural that Caleb Wainwright should find himself, that first winter, the pastor's right hand man, the superintendent of the Sunday school, and natural that he should find in his pastor a source of courage and strength for his life work.

There was another event which came into the life of Caleb, an event which, natural indeed since the days of Eden, has been ever new, and ever invested with all the fresh glory of creation. For it was that when again the peach trees were all abloom, pretty, fair-haired Nellie Dorman became the mistress of the little home in the grove on the hillside.

CHAPTER III

THE FIRST CAMP OF THE GIANTS

It is not strange that, as deliverer of the dwellers of the hill country, God should have chosen one of themselves. The heart of Moses was touched with the sorrows of his brethren, and he put aside the scepter for the shepherd's crook. When a nation must arise and break from its wrists the shackles of slavery, it was Lincoln, one of the "poor whites" of the South, (a people upon whom above all others the curse of black slavery fell) whose toil-marked hand struck the delivering blow. And thus, when a Savior was promised who should be a Redeemer of the world from sin, He was to come as one "like unto his brethren." Who but one who has suffered at all points as they can understand? and who but such an one can win the confidence of those whom he would succor?

The heart of Caleb Wainwright was with his people, even as was the heart of Moses with Israel when he pleaded with Jehovah that he himself might be destroyed, if thereby his people should be saved. Nothing short of such self-immolation qualifies one for the leadership that compels the backing of the Almighty.

Not only does God choose the man, but even the instrument whereby deliverance is to be wrought; and that instrument is likely to be some common thing connected with everyday life—or something close at hand. To Moses, Jehovah said, "What is that in thine hand?" and a shepherd's crook became the wonder-working wand before Pharaoh, and the rod of deliverance at the Red Sea. The rams' horns at Jericho, the breaking lamps of Gideon, the jawbone in the hand of Samson, Shamgar's goard, were common things—but when God calls attention of a man to a common thing, it is that He has hitched the common to the Infinite.

It was in some such way that Caleb found to his hand that which he could use to deliver his people from the giants Debt and Poverty, and this was the manner of its revealing:

The afternoon sun had beaten down piteously upon the shingled roof of the printing office, that August day, as Caleb and his one printer worked off the weekly edition of the *Crockett City Enterprise*—bare-armed, faces red and steaming. A stare from the printer, who held the big ink roller suspended above the forms on the bed of the press, caused Caleb to turn his gaze toward the front door. There stood a vision of loveliness, an angel of mercy, or messenger of deliverance, as one had eyes to see. Blushing rosily, Nellie Dorman, attired in fluffy white, came forward a little way, and then stopped as she noticed the disarray of the men, and with downcast eyes, said, "Mamma 'lowed that you

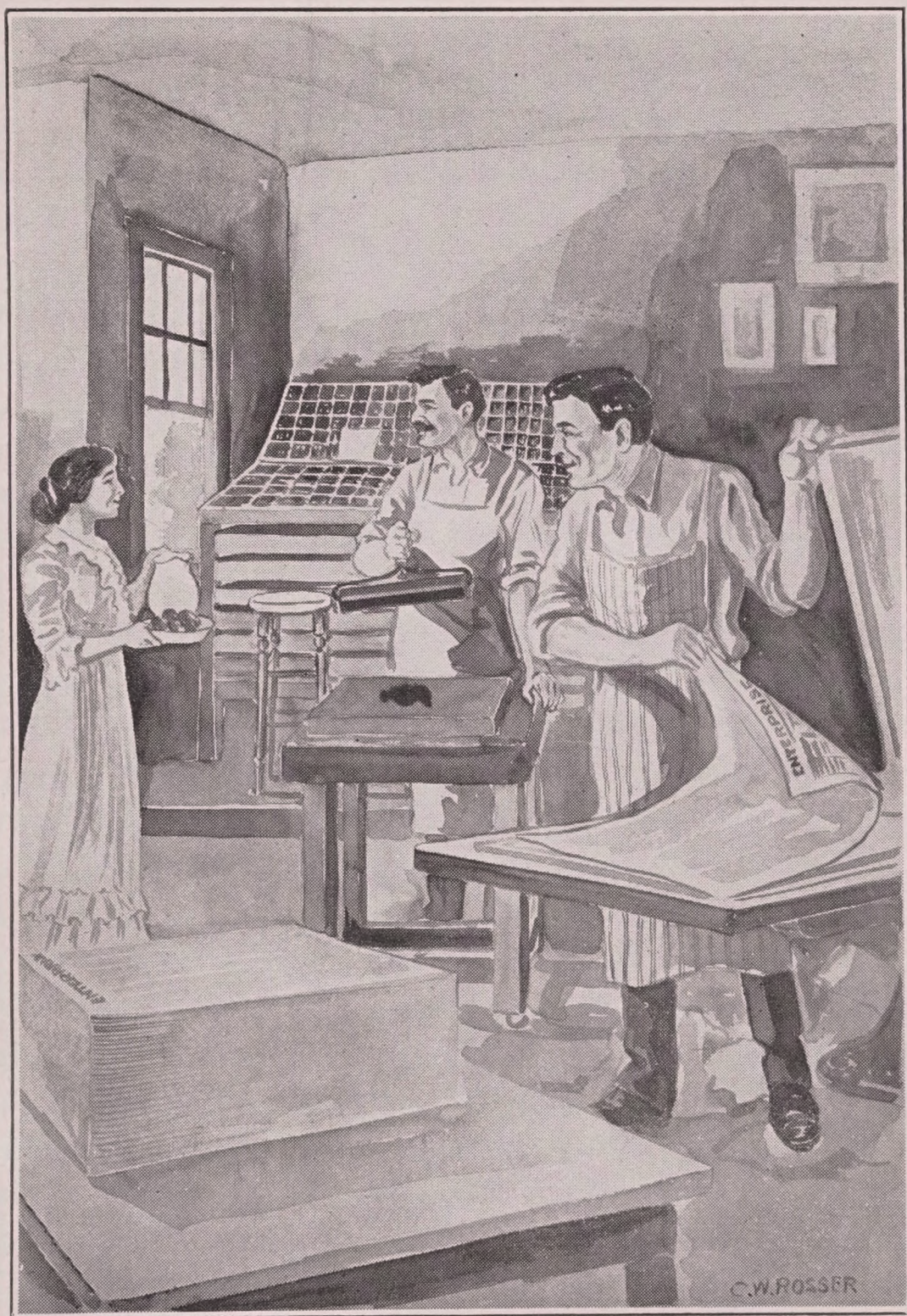
all would be mighty warm this evening, working that machine, and she sent you over a pitcher of milk, and a few of our Indian peaches. They're mighty fine just now."

Cool buttermilk and full-ripe peaches! Nectar and ambrosia were never more tempting to the dwellers on Olympus. With a hasty toilet, the men seated themselves to their enjoyment, but only by their refusal to begin until she was seated at the paper-strewn editorial table with them, was Nellie induced to remain and witness their enjoyment of her kindness.

"What did you call these peaches, Miss Nellie?" asked Caleb. "I do not seem to remember them. I have never tasted their equal."

"We call them the 'Indian peach,'" replied Nellie, "but most of the folks about here call them the 'Dorman peach.' Papa says a Cherokee Indian gave a peach seed to his Grandfather Dorman back in Georgia, and they planted it, and raised these peaches there. Then when we came west, papa brought some of the seed along with him."

"It is certainly a magnificent peach," said Caleb, as he opened his third one with thumb and finger. The pit fell out clean from its bed of scarlet, back of which lay a thick, solid "meat" of gold, encased in a strong skin of creamy yellow, streaked with rose. "What a delicate flavor," mused Caleb. "And you say that it comes true to seed? That is most unusual in a stone fruit."



“A pitcher of milk and a few of our Indian peaches.” [Page 32]

"Oh, yes," answered Nellie, "it always brings peaches just like that, right from the seed. Papa gave some of his first seed to the Bankses and the Offuts, who came out with us, and their peaches are just the same as ours."

After warmly thanking the young lady, and sending their acknowledgments to Mrs. Dorman for their treat, the men turned again to their task; but Caleb's eyes had been opened, and he knew that in his hand had been placed the "rod" which should work his miracles—the *Dorman peach*.

Such a peach in the markets of the North, would bring fancy prices. To create the demand, to supply and hold the market, and to secure to the growers their rightful share of the proceeds, was the problem that Caleb saw laid before him. To this solution his studies in economics, of soils, climate, transportation and marketing, now would prove most valuable. He quickly saw that the iron-impregnated clay subsoil of the hills, overlaid as it was with a rich sandy topsoil, was ideal for fruit culture, and soil and climate combined to produce a peach, the like of which he had never seen. The country would produce the crop. As to the supply, so far as Nellie had been able to tell, there were but three farms upon which this peach grew, and at most their supply would not be more than a few hundred bushels—the market would call for carloads. He must induce the people to set out commercial orchards. It would take time, but through the rare peculiarity of this peach reproducing its characteristics through the seed,

the slower process of grafting could be dispensed with, a year gained, and fruit obtained the third year from the planting.

Already Caleb could see the liberation of his people from their bondage of cotton, poverty and debt. When the Dorman peach should have been introduced into market (for he had already decided that Nellie's name should be given to the beautiful fruit) he would hold the market by close selection and careful packing. For the lower grades he would have the cannery and the evaporator. He himself would set out the first experimental orchard, and prove to the people the possibilities of these hills.

At the Banks place a half dozen broken and scraggly trees, stubbornly holding to life in spite of ruthless attacks of long-horned cattle, represented the Indian peach orchard. Not much of promise there. "No," said Old Man Banks, "I never did try to sell any of them air peaches, 'cept once; Bud Slavin gin me six bits fer a load the chaps picked up under the trees after a storm. Hit don't pay ter raise fruit in this yere country."

At the Offut's Caleb found more encouragement. Jed Offut, a thrifty farmer, had protected his trees from the ravages of the stock, and by judiciously trimming had kept them thrifty, until now, in their tenth year, they were like goodly forest trees. "La, yes; bear!" laughed Mrs. Offut, "I reckon they do. We can and dry enough for a half dozen families every

year, and then turn in the hogs to help care for the fruit."

Before Caleb left these good people he had contracted for their entire next year's crop, and had bought a wagon-load of the seed, left from this year's canning and drying. This, then, was the plan which, filling the heart of Caleb Wainwright, caused him to purchase the gently-sloping hillside of his old homestead—an ideal place for fruit-culture, though of proven failure for cotton raising. There would be planted in the prepared land the wagon load of seeds of the Dorman peach, which one day should make these hills famous, and bring prosperity and happiness to the hill dwellers.

With tact and wisdom Caleb wrote articles in his paper to lead the people to the idea of breaking away from the ruinous habits of generations—the *habit* of debt, and of discouragement—and to show them that there was really another way possible, and a way infinitely better for them than they had known. He showed them by figures how, by joining together as a community, they could grow and ship fruits and vegetables to the northern markets by carload lots, and get good returns, and that by caring for much that was now going to waste in garden and orchard, there was a source of wealth at their hand.

In the spring a few—not over half a dozen—of the farmers joined Caleb in the experiment of planting the Dorman peaches for market. Neither individuals

nor communities are to be persuaded easily that a new way is a better way.

Twenty acres of Caleb's farm was planted with the peach seed. Some day he would prove to his people beyond question, the golden possibilities that lay in these hills. But he must not wait until the orchards came into full bearing before he should be able to help them. Carefully he put before a canning factory in the eastern city, the facts he had gathered, as to soil, climate, shipping facilities, the abundance of cheap labor during the summer months, and, as a final "straw" to break the camel's back of hesitancy, dilated upon his find in the Dorman peach, and the start that had been made toward commercial orchards. The result was a visit from the manager, and a contract for the erection of a small cannery, to be started up as soon as vegetables could be grown. Tomato seeds, as well as beans, sweet corn and other vegetables, were distributed among such farmers as could be induced to sign the contract with the proposed cannery.

In their avidous search for the new, a metropolitan journal, coming upon a copy of the little Crockett City paper, sent a representative to the hill country to spy out the land. The world read the glowing descriptions of the land, laughed at the people, sneered at the Quixotic country editor—and asked its grocer for the Dorman peach. Inquiries came to Caleb by the score; prospectors appeared, and before the first shipment from the canning factory reached market, new brick

business houses were being erected in Crockett City. The sun was rising upon the hills.

Of the fruit he had received from the Offut place, and that which Rube Dorman had donated "for the good of the cause," Caleb made three grades—the first, each peach carefully wrapped in tissue paper, to be shipped to the markets of the North; the second grade to be canned; the third to be peeled and dried in sugar.

The reception of the fruit upon the market was all that Caleb had hoped, and his published account created a strong sentiment among the farmers to "give the thing a try-out." Nothing in this world is so successful as success.

The first wall of the giants—the ramparts of indifference—had been scaled; the people were aroused from their stagnation, but the giants were not yet slain.

With many of the ignorant people, "peaches were peaches," and as the news of the prices Caleb had received for the Dorman peaches reached the backwoods, there came pouring into town wagon-load after wagon-load of seedlings, hard and green, over-ripe and mushy, speckled and knotty—but all *peaches*—each would-be seller clamoring for the two dollars per bushel which the paper said Caleb had received for his selected fruit. His refusal to buy the unmarketable stuff turned upon him such a flood of indignation that explanations were out of order at that time.

"Never mind, boys," said Bud Slavin, "I'll take your peaches, if they're not high-toned enough for Wainwright. We got along mighty well before he came back to these hills, and I reckon we can run a while longer. I can use 'em out on my ranch for the hogs."

The peaches were unloaded at Bud's ranch, and the farmers took home filled jugs in payment; but Caleb strongly suspected that it would be a brandy still to which the peaches would be fed, before the hogs would come in for their share.

Again, with a clear sight, Caleb saw the saloon standing in the way with its murderous club to beat back the people from their inheritance. In this light came the forming of a purpose through an incident which occurred during the canning season.

Old Man Banks had scorned the contracts of the canning factory, but his wife, ambitious for the two boys, had finally secured his consent that they should take seed and raise tomatoes. Then, after the fall plowing was finished, the boys were to be allowed the proceeds of their venture for clothes, and given permission to attend the new school in town during the winter.

It was a great day for the boys, when, at the close of the season, they rode into town with their father, the shackly wagon carrying their last load to the cannery. The forty dollars they had so bravely earned would be a mine of untold wealth, not only for their

own, but for the long-unknown necessary clothing for mother.

Before starting for home, the old man must make his accustomed visit to the Farmers' Exchange—fateful word—and the two boys came into the printing office bursting with the good news of their summer's success, and hopes for the coming winter.

Caleb had one characteristic of his Master—he loved children; and it was a hint of the innate greatness of his soul that children instinctively loved him. Leaving his work, he welcomed his young guests, rejoicing with them, and giving direction to and strengthening their purposes.

The shadows were creeping up the hillsides from the darkening valley before Old Man Banks staggered from the saloon to his rickety wagon and frightened boys. He managed to keep hold of a jug, but the hard-earned money of his boys lay in Bud Slavin's bar till, and they never saw a dollar of it again.

When a few weeks later, Caleb Wainwright came to know how his little friends had been wronged, he solemnly raised his hand to heaven and declared war, unrelenting war, upon the saloon.

There can be no freedom, there can be no progress, there can be no manhood, where the drink demon holds within its clutches the rights of childhood.

CHAPTER IV

A DECLARATION OF WAR

Through the winter which followed, Caleb made a thorough canvass of the country, speaking in school houses, in country churches, in the broad halls of hospitable farmhouses, to the neighbors who would congregate, and ever his theme was the overthrow of the giants of the hill country—the liberation of the people from their bondage of poverty and debt, from ignorance and immorality. Not always did he make converts, nor induce great numbers of his hearers to move out of and from their shiftless, hopeless, wicked ways; but some, here and there, convinced by the proofs Caleb was able to show of the profits from scientific culture and marketing of fruits and vegetables, were induced to make the first step for liberty.

Likewise, as the editor told of the success of the new school at Crockett City, and pleaded with the parents for a better manhood and womanhood for their children than they themselves had known, the heart of many a mother glowed into a resolve that Jakey and Sallie should have the “larnin’.”

But it was when Caleb threw the power of his eloquence and logic upon the forces which stood arrayed

to prevent the deliverance of the people, that with fiendish cunning and persistency demanded not only the enslavement of men and women, but the destruction of every right of childhood, and charged the saloon with being the arch enemy of man, the father of ignorance, of sloth, of poverty, of wretchedness and crime—then were his hearers stirred indeed.

To take his toddy when he felt ill, and when he felt fit; when sad, and when rejoicing; with the first feeble wail as an infant, and when the rattle of death came to the throat; to augment wedding joys, and assuage funeral woes—and above all to honor with it the birthday of the Savior of men—to make it when he could, to buy when prevented from making—this was the traditional heritage and inalienable right of the dwellers of the hills.

No light task lay before the man who would scale the ramparts of prejudice, of habit, of appetite, and slay the giant whose fiery breath dried up the blood, the manhood, and the soul of its slaves.

Upon his return from one of these speaking trips, Caleb was visited at the printing office by Bud Slavin. A sour look was upon his usually jolly face as he came striding up to the editor. "Well, Wainwright, I hear you're toting a mighty big load these days, and I just come over to let you know that you might drop my business out of your pack. I can 'tend to that. Maybe you never heard of the fellow that got rich minding his own affairs."

"I understand exactly what you mean, Bud, and for your clear understanding of the situation, let me tell you that my business, from now on, is to kill your business. I have tried to get these people out of their slavery to debt and poverty, to where they can live and think, instead of merely existing to vegetate. I have gotten some of them aroused and started upon the road up and out, with a few dollars ahead, and time after time I have seen their hard-earned money go into your till. I have come to the conclusion that your business stands square across the way that leads to any betterment of conditions in this hill country—and, understand me, I repeat it, *my business is now to get your business out of that way*. If it had been only the men whom you are degrading, or even the helpless wives, I might not have been aroused to war, but when I see your business blast the lives of the children—condemned as they are to nine months out of the year in the cotton patch—and your business not only robbing them of their rightful wages, but denying them the opportunity of an education and anything better than they have now, shutting their immortal souls behind the doors of a vile prisonhouse of ignorance and poverty and evil—when I see and know this, my blood boils, and I raise my hand to heaven, as I do now, and declare an eternal war against you."

"That's pretty preaching," sneered Slavin, "but let me tell you something: There was another chap once came into these hills who thought he knew more than God Almighty, and tried to run things. If you'll come

with me sometime I'll show you the pretty little mound where he is stopping."

The significance of Bud Slavin's words was not lost upon Caleb. He knew that the very men whose lives he was giving his life to liberate and enlarge, could be lashed into a fury against him by an appeal to their prejudice and appetite. It would not be difficult, nor a matter of risk to himself, for Slavin to give direction to that aroused rage.

The God-chosen leader ever wears the crown of thorns, and his heart-blood marks his pathway.

Caleb sat long with his head bowed upon his hands—not in despair; not even hesitating—but laying plans for the accomplishment of the purpose which now, more than all else, filled his soul. The saloon must go, or, he clearly saw, all the streams of profit beginning to flow into the country through the new order of things, would find their ultimate way into the till of the liquor dealer, and the slavery and degradation of the people be unrelieved. The gage of battle was flung down, and it behooved Caleb to consider the opposing forces.

Mentally he arrayed before him his friends, those whom he might depend upon to stand by him at all hazards. Not many were there. Bud Slavin's public boast, which had not been challenged, was that, to a greater or less extent, every family in the settlement was his patron, at some time during the year, except that of the editor and the "second blessing" preacher. George Farris, giving his life for the youth of the

country, carried, he knew, a hatred of the saloon as deep as that of Caleb. The school teacher would stand. And then, the gentle, kindly, old, Methodist preacher, clear of mind and pure of heart could be depended upon to go all the way. To these two Caleb could add another, a young banker at the county-seat, Truman Strong. This young man had attended one of Caleb's meetings, and had not only been captivated by the plans presented for the material liberation of the people, but found himself at one with the speaker in his estimation of the overshadowing evil of the saloon. Truman Strong would not only furnish money, but would throw his splendid personality and political influence into the fight.

Again the door of the printing office opened, and Rube Dorman came in. Notwithstanding Caleb's marriage with his daughter, there had not been any great degree of cordiality between the two men. Dorman loved money; Caleb loved men. Dorman's business was to gain wealth, even if it crushed men; Caleb was even now planning to crush a business that men might be set free. With Dorman, altruism was to be classed as criminal foolishness, even as later, among the men of his class, spirituality was to be denounced as insanity.

Dorman had prospered greatly through the new order which his son-in-law had brought in. He had sold many a tract of land for fifty dollars per acre which had cost him five. He was a director in the new bank, the president of the canning and evaporating

plant, and a large stockholder in the shipping company. He had been generous with Caleb in many little ways. When each time his son-in-law had brought the interest money due upon deferred payments on the farm which he had purchased, Dorman had waved the money aside, saying, "Give it to Nellie for a new dress."

Today he seated himself at the table near Caleb with an evident attempt at cordiality. "Well, son, how are Nellie and the orchard getting along? You all must come by oftener and see us old folks. I see the big dailies are giving you a great send-off about this fruit and truck business. I reckon you made a sure enough hit there. But, Caleb, don't you go too far with some of your ideas. I don't like what I hear some of the folks saying about your talk of running out the saloon. Now you know that's all moonshine. You can't stop men drinking if they want to drink. If these shiftless grubbers want to make fools of themselves, I say let 'em. I find a chance to take care of a few of their dollars while they do it. You don't want to kill the town by driving out the saloon. Of course I don't believe in rowdyism any more than you do; but men are going to have liquor, and they are going to trade at the place where they can get it."

For a few moments Caleb poured forth an impassioned plea for the souls and the very lives of his people—but suddenly stopped, as the utter hopelessness of such an appeal, to a man like Rube Dorman, bore in upon him.

The elder man arose with the words, "Well, Wainwright, you've no call to make a fool of yourself, and as I am Nellie's father, I am bringing you this friendly warning: *You drop the fight on the saloon,*" and he closed the door behind him.

Doubly strong is he who has the love and encouragement of a good woman; sad the lot of him who fights his battles alone; or, worse, who carries the burden of a heart wounded in the home. We laud the strength and acclaim with honor the achievements of successful men, whose faithful wives will, in the day of reckoning, stand by their sides to receive crowns unthought of here. We are shocked at the sudden shipwreck of other lives upon whom we had depended to bring to harbor their rich freightage—scuttled and sent to the bottom by the one in the home who should have been inspiration and guide. Nellie Wainwright had all the fixity of purpose of her father, Rube Dorman, but, unlike him, she had had her purposes of life sanctified by the Son of God, who gave Himself for others, and so she became a fitting helpmeet to her young husband.

"Caleb," she said, "I love papa, but first, I love God, and then I love you, and I love the poor people. We will be true to the vision, and if God be with us, He will give us the land."

In the Methodist church, the following Sabbath, the pastor preached a sermon that, for its straight dealing with the evils of the liquor business, stirred first his congregation, and soon the whole country

around about. Some converts were made to the cause, but the response was more of dissent than approval. The war was on.

CHAPTER V

A SERMON IN BLACK

At the opening of the third spring since his return, it would have been difficult for Caleb to say which way the balances were swinging—for or against the cause to which he had pledged his life: the liberation of his people from the thrall of the giants of the hills. It was true, that through his instrumentality, better economic conditions had become established, and thereby the ability of the people to arise from poverty, debt and ignorance assured, but with the new impulse of commercial development there had also come to Crockett City an addition to the forces of evil. Ben Satterwhite, a thrifty farmer, lured by the prospect of easy gain in the liquor business, had moved to town and opened a second saloon; a flashily dressed stranger, who gave his name as Bob Black, appeared, and opened up a place at the outskirts of town—a place to be spoken of only in whispers. Open drunkenness increased, and the windowless gambling room in the rear of the Farmers Exchange became a place of vile orgies, to which the young boys of the town and surrounding country were enticed and debauched.

Following a sermon of Pastor Miller, in which he made an impassioned plea for the mothers and fathers

of his congregation to arise and save their sons—and daughters—from the blighting influence of the saloon, Caleb devoted a whole issue of his paper to specific charges, giving dates and circumstances (but for the present withholding names), in which the saloons of Crockett City had violated the provisions of the law by which they existed; had robbed intoxicated men; had enticed and debauched youth; and destroyed the virtue of womanhood. The array of facts was appalling. Then the editor closed with a denunciation of such an institution in their midst, that was like a stream of burning lava from an overflowing volcano.

At the beginning, Wainwright, in his opposition to the saloon, was actuated solely by his love for men, and desire to remove from their path anything which might hinder their well-being or progress. He was coming, however, to harbor a hatred which was not Christlike, and to fight with the lust of battle which seeks the overthrow of the enemy as an end. It is possible to fight some specific sin in such a way as that the carnal heart within will turn the force of attack from principle to person, from sin to sinner. The warfare of Satan himself is not, primarily, against the laws or attributes of God, but against His *Person*, as represented now in Jesus Christ.

Into this state, Caleb was unconsciously drifting, and the Saturday night following the issue of his paper referred to, the contest took on a still more personal aspect.

After their supper, Caleb and Nellie sat long upon

the "gallery" of their cottage, watching the glow of sunset linger upon the tops of the hills. As darkness crept up from the valley, the young wife drew close up to the shelter of the strong arm, and clasped her fingers within those of her husband. The lazy breeze from the east brought to them a faint perfume of the new orchard. From somewhere in the grove about the house the sad-sweet night song of the mocking-bird came trembling, like the far-off earth-memory of some soul in glory. Down by the spring another bird was insistently calling for someone to "whip-will's-widow."

"Caleb, is it all true," said Nellie, after a long silence, "those dreadful things you put in the paper? I know it must be, because you say so; but why haven't the people stopped such things before now?"

Then Caleb, as he had not done before, led his wife into the secret place of his soul—the place of his Burning Bush—and made known to her his divine commission.

"But you, Caleb; is there not danger to you? Will they not try to do you harm?"

"Perhaps," responded the man, "but, my wife, would you have me prove a traitor to God and this people because of possible danger? I know you would not."

The hands of Nellie were clasped tightly about his arm, but it was the touch of one who buckles on a shield.

For some time she had been watching a shadow

out in the yard, cautiously slipping from tree to tree. Now it had hidden itself in the darkness near the smokehouse, a few rods away. Once she thought she caught a movement as of a beckoning arm.

"Caleb," quietly spoke the girl, "would you mind taking the bucket and bringing me a little fresh water from the spring?" The shadow creeping and slinking about the house had worn the broad-brim hat of the cowboy, with dispirited rim flopping down about the wearer's ears, and it had brought recognition to Nellie. As soon as Caleb was out of hearing, she quickly stepped over to the smokehouse, saying, "What is it, Colonel?"

The old human derelict crouching there was trembling so that he could hardly speak. "It's for Hetty's sake, Miss Nellie, you've always been mighty good to her."

"Yes, Colonel," impatiently broke in Nellie, as the old man hesitated, "tell me quick; Caleb will be back in a minute."

"It's about him. They've planned to fix him as he comes from church tomorrow night. But they'll kill me too, if they find I've told. You won't let them know, will you, Miss Nellie?"

Nellie's thankful assurance was given just in time for her to answer Caleb's call from the house.

That Sunday night sermon, which Caleb did not hear, proved to be the last preached by Wallace Miller in his pastorate at Crockett City. A wealthy brother-in-law of Bud Slavin was the channel through which

the saloon keeper reached the church authorities. A long-forgotten rule was invoked against the preacher. For "holding meetings" (as his prohibition campaign with Wainwright was called), on the charges of other preachers, this faithful pastor and servant of Jesus Christ and His kingdom was deprived of his pulpit and scanty support, until conference should give its verdict, for two other submissive preachers were found who would testify to having "protested" against the meetings.

Before the old man took his meager belongings from the parsonage, he came for a last word of encouragement, of advice, and warning to the editor.

"My boy," said he, "I believe you are God's man for this work, and being God's man you will succeed. But you must come to know that the man whom God calls to stand out before his fellows to face the forces of evil, walks much alone. His is the martyr's life, if not the martyr's death. Mine has been the first; both may be yours. But, my boy, there is, I fear, a spirit of bitterness creeping into your heart against the *men*; you are not distinguishing clearly between the individuals and their business. God's way is the way of love, and it is His will that those who serve Him shall be perfected in love. You must pray for the grace that will enable you to fight and overcome evil, and yet your heart be kept filled with tender and compassionate love for the evil doer."

While the words of his friend, the faithful old preacher, stirred within the heart of Caleb a strange

sense of conviction, his understanding was not opened, and they did not bear fruit until after many days.

It was the Sunday that the new pastor preached his first sermon from the text, "Pray for the peace of Zion," that Caleb and Nellie, coming home from church, found sitting upon their back doorstep a forlorn looking creature. It was a black man, of perhaps sixty years, though of no appearance of age, save a rim of white wool on the sides of the face and underchin. His clothes were of cheap quality, and showed the signs of travel, but bore an indication of unusual neatness. As they came near they saw the old man was endeavoring with a bandana handkerchief to staunch the flow of blood from a wound on his cheek. Unconsciously, a frown came to the face of Caleb, as he noted the color of the intruder, but Nellie, Georgia-born, rushed to him, her voice all sympathy.

"Oh, Uncle, how did you get hurt? Come into the kitchen and let me fix it up for you."

"Hit war one of dese yer hill-billies let fly er rock at me. Whut fer, yo' reckon, li'l' missy? I's comin' down yere peace'ble like, musin' on de goodness an' marcy ob de Lawd, an' all to onct some white folkse—yas'm, dey's men pussons—gin ter shout an' chase atter me and rock me. An' de preacher—yas'm, hit war de preacher—he laugh when de rock hit my haid. Whut fer dey all do dat away, li'l' missy?"

"No, marster,"—to Caleb—"I don' sass 'em back none—I runs. Dey all flung rocks and dirt at my Lawd, an' dey sho nuff kills Him, an' He don' cuss

'em ner sass 'em. He say 'Fergiv dem,' and I does, Marster. I reckon dey all don' know no better, lak de Lawd He say."

Perhaps nowhere is race antipathy more pronounced than among the hill dwellers. Of the purest Anglo-Saxon blood themselves, the prejudice of unlikeness—that thing which through all the ages has been the basis of war between peoples, tribes and nations—through their semi-isolation had been preserved.

Not only had black slavery never existed among them, but, as a rule, the very presence of one of the colored race was not (and to this day in many districts is not) tolerated. Proud, sufficient unto themselves, servants to no one, asking service from none, they escaped some of the evils resultant to the more indolent, ease-loving dwellers of the lowlands from the institution of slavery. Yet, on the other hand, they came to know nothing of that peculiar affection which the families of the masters often had for their black servitors, nor the really pathetic loyalty and devotion some of these old slaves bore to any and all who carried the family name.

"Uncle Zeke" Dorman had felt, with advancing years, an irresistible desire to spend his last days with some of "his folks." The war had laid waste the old plantation when Sherman "marched to the sea." "Ol' Mars and ol' Miss" were sleeping in the briar-grown family lot. The two daughters of the "big house" had married and gone away to the North—where, Uncle

Zeke could not remember. Mars Reuben, the little chap he had dandled upon his knee, and later had taught to catch the shiners from the branch with a pin hook, and then to snare Molly Cottontail in the runways of the swamp—little Rube was somewhere “out west.”

Standing one day upon one of the busy street corners of Atlanta, a page of newspaper blew to his feet, and his eyes catching sight of the picture of a peach and the word “Dorman,” he eagerly grabbed it up and read.

“Dat’s hit!” the old man fairly shouted, “dat’s de peach whut de Injun gib ol’ Marster. An’ Crockett City—dat’s whah I fin’ Mars Rube.”

He had indeed found Mars Rube, but it was with a command to “Move along. We don’t allow niggers to stop in this town.” And the old man turned away without making himself known.

Sadly he had “moved along.” Yet even as he went there came to him remembrance of the God—his God—who cared for Abraham as he went forth into a strange land, not knowing where. Then, old-time Methodist that he was, he broke forth into praises of the One who had been with him all the way, and who would not desert him now in his old age, but would direct his steps. It was at the moment when his confidence overflowed in joy, that he attracted the attention of the white men, with the result we have seen.

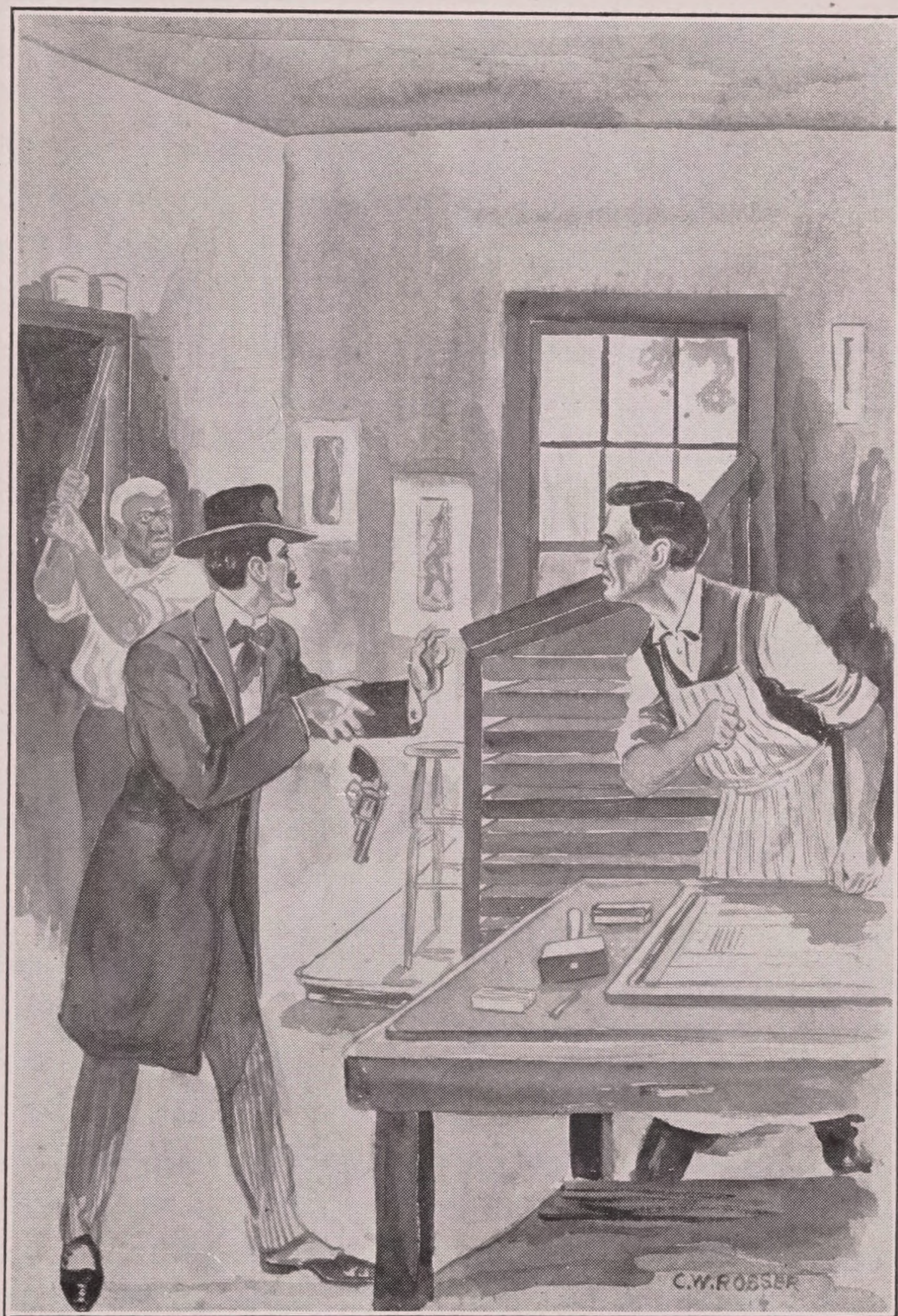
By the time the wound had been kindly and deftly dressed, and the old man refreshed by a “snack” dain-

tily spread upon the kitchen table, Nellie had learned his story, and Uncle Zeke was blissfully happy in the knowledge that it was the hands of his "own li'l' missy," the granddaughter of Ol' Marster, that had been reached out to him in mercy.

It would be hard to say, from that day, whether Nellie owned Uncle Zeke, or whether the old black man owned the beautiful white girl, her home, and all her belongings. Caleb at times was inclined to the latter idea, but, tender husband and wise man that he was, he spoke no word of dissent to his happy wife. A little house was erected and comfortably furnished in the back yard, and Uncle Zeke became a fixture. It was the old black hands that planted and tended the garden; it was he who set the eggs and cooped the fussy hens and their downy broods; who kept buckets of cool water always upon the back gallery bench. It was he who later became cook and "washerwoman," and housekeeper, and then nurse. It was in those old black arms that Nellie's little boy lay, and was pressed to a heart which both father and mother knew would never fail in its faithfulness.

But it was before baby hands had placed the crown of joy upon the home that Uncle Zeke was able to prove his attachment to Caleb himself.

In his paper the editor had spoken so plainly of the resort at the edge of town, that, through fear of possible exposure, the men and boys who had been its frequenters were, for the time, staying away, much to the financial loss of Bob Slack. So it was not a



"Drap dat gun, er you's er daid man!" [Page 57]

difficult matter for Slavin's advice, that Slack "take it out of Wainwright," to be accepted by that gentleman. Placing a revolver in his hip pocket he proceeded to the printing office, determined to provoke Caleb into a fight, when he could have an excuse to shoot him "in self-defense." He could count upon Slavin's influence to clear him in court.

Proceeding to the rear door, he endeavored to call Caleb out; but the editor, suspicioning his errand, and not knowing how many more of his enemies were out there lying in wait, replied, "This is my place of business; if you want to do business with me, come inside."

The man stepped through the door, cursing, but to his vile abuse Caleb only smiled, as if amused. As Slack worked himself into a frenzy, the editor watched him as a cat would a mouse, ready to spring upon the man the instant he should make a movement to draw his gun. Finally the moment came—the slight forward thrust of body to more easily release the weapon, when, before Slack's hand could be raised, or Caleb could gather himself to spring, a mighty roar came from behind Slack:

"Drap dat gun er you's a daid man!"

So closely had Caleb been watching his antagonist that he had not noticed the entrance of Uncle Zeke, who now stood with a heavy steel side-stick from the nearby forms, raised menacingly above Slack's head. The revolver had fallen to the floor at the sound of the

terrible voice behind him, and with the second command,, "Now yo' git!" the coward turned and fled.

"Mars Calip, I specs yo' bettah let me tote dat gun. I specs yo' gwine hu't yo'se'f, yo' gets dat mad w'en yo' looks at it."

"Zeke," replied Caleb, handing over the weapon to the negro with a smile, "would you really have hit that man with the steel bar? You might have killed him."

"Well, Mars Calip, I specs de Lawd ain't gwine let me kill no man cept He pintedly wants dat man ter die. But dat man he sho'ly do leg it w'en I yell," the old man concluded with a chuckle.

CHAPTER VI

YE MUST BE BORN AGAIN

Elder Kirkland was known in the Hills Conference as a loyal church man. If he had strong prejudices, he had also strong regard for position. His prejudices kept him from leaning too far over the denominational wall to look after those who would not be likely to be brought into his fold; and his regard for position made him quick to take the hint dropped as to the desires of those of his brethren in authority. He smoked the same brand of cigars affected by the bishop, and told with gusto the presiding elder's "racy" stories.

If it had been in these latter days of church infidelity, he would have talked knowingly of the conclusions of modern scholarship; but as the church had not long been cut loose from its leadership of the fiery, cleansing Holy Spirit—through which severance she has since been drifting into all strange waters, and upon the rocks of rank infidelity—this pastor would but parrot his superiors' sneers at the "cranktification-ists," as those few were called who were creating a disturbance in calling attention to the fact that the founder of the denomination and the standards demanded a "second work of grace" to cleanse the heart of the believer.

But Elder Kirkland believed in the annual summer meeting; he always held them upon his charges. They were as much a part of his ecclesiastical machinery as the quarterly conferences. Often he would have his presiding elder help him for the ten days, but if the elder was busy elsewhere, he considered himself entirely able to be his own evangelist. To give the pastor justice, he was not without pulpit ability, and he had a fund of pathetic anecdotes, which he could tell with an abundance of emotion which never failed to reflect itself in the audience.

Added to this, the preacher was a popular man. He was hail-fellow-well-met with every man in the community, and, as he said from the pulpit, many a time would go down to the saloon late at night—not to drink of their liquor; he knew where to draw the line—but to smoke a friendly cigar with the barkeeper, and urge him to come to church.

There was not a woman who came out of the hills to trade in the village that the preacher did not throw into a flutter of pleased excitement by a promise to “come out and eat yellow-legged chicken with you-all.”

Elder Kirkland was sure of his congregation, sure of his salary, and sure of familiar attention from those higher up the ecclesiastical ladder.

When the August sun began to beat down fiercely; when the cotton had been “laid by”; when the only work being done was by the few who had fruit for shipment or vegetables for the cannery; when gray

dust covered grass and shrub along the roads and bridle paths; and the shrill whirr of the locust took up the story the mockingbird had dropped—then came time for the annual “big meeting.”

The early Virginia and Georgia Methodists, and later, the Presbyterians of the Cumberland mountains, builded upon scriptural lines when they instituted these great yearly convocations, out under the shade of the spreading trees. The Feast of Tabernacles of the Jews became the arbor meetings of the hill-dwellers.

The foundation was, of course, religious. It was expected that the lapses of a year would at this time be repaired, the winter backslidings healed, grudges laid aside (at least temporarily), and the more enthusiastic “get happy.” The church would be “revived.” In this, too, custom harked back to the Jews, when the high priest entered in once a year to sacrifice for the people. Not yet had there come to the hill-dwellers knowledge of that new and better way whereby Christ, being offered once for all, His people should be purged from their dead works, and enabled to walk in newness of life *all* their days.

Not only was the church to be given its annual revivifying, but new members were expected to be added. With these folk to be an “unbeliever,” as those not connected with any church were designated, was to be outside the pale of respectability. Young men became Methodists or Baptists or Campbellites, according to

the faith of their fathers, as they became Democrats or Republicans or Populists—when the time came.

Of course, all the girls were church members. It was the crowning glory of the last day of the big meeting as these fresh, nature-reared maidens, arrayed in their stiffly-starched white dresses, filed into the reserved front seats, there to be greeted with a handshake by the pastor, as he opened the doors of the fold to these lambs of the flock. Then the entire audience would march around in front singing, "Come ye that love the Lord, we're marching to Zion," and the hands of the new members were again clasped, by each individual in turn. This last ceremony was varied in the Baptist and Campbellite meeting by the singing of "On Jordan's stormy banks I stand" as the candidates came up out of the water.

I said that all the girls joined the church, but there was an exception. The girl who, through ignorance, or neglect, or waywardness, was known to have stepped aside from the path of virtue—she might come to meeting, if she sat somewhere in the shadows, at the rear, but she would never be asked to come out into the bright light of the front row. She would never hear the Church singing to her, "Come ye that love the Lord."

Though the arbor meeting was, as I have said, religious in its foundation, it was perhaps, in a great degree, social. Not that I would suggest any incompatibility between religion and the social instinct, The same God who commanded worship of Himself,

Himself set the solitary in families. It was the time of yearly reunions; of the giving and receiving the unwritten history of neighborhoods, which supplied, in a degree we of the larger world can scarcely realize, the lack of newspaper, of magazine and book.

Between services there was ample time for the young gallants to advance from the casting of "sheep's-eyes" to carrying the fans of blushing, giggling girls, out in strolls over quiet paths under the cool shadows of great trees.

One such couple was marked, but with quickly averted eyes, for the girl was one of those who sat in the dark seats at the rear of the arbor, whom no one had asked to come forward to sit upon the front bench. But this day the heart of Hetty Porterfield was singing again, as if it had never known grief and shame. Handsome, polite Bob Slack was picturing to her a beautiful home where nothing but love would ever enter, of which she should be the mistress, while he would be the willing slave. When the last night of the meeting should come, he would take her there.

Caleb had been a quite regular attendant at the meetings, as behooved a faithful member of the church, yet, in spite of his good intentions, he would find himself losing interest in the doctrine of infant baptism, in the glories of the church's past, and in the death-bed stories of the preacher. His mind, wandering out to dwell upon the condition of the people of the hills, he would find himself asking the question if there was not somewhere in the gospel, which Jesus came to

bring, power to change the lives of men that they should be free from those things which all knew to be evil. He saw the young men come forward and give their hands to the preacher for church membership, and, so far as anyone knew, there had never come to their lives anything so radical in the way of change, as could, in any degree, merit the designation of a "new birth." Their names would be on the church roll, as were the names of their fathers, and they would sport and drink liquor—perhaps on occasion get under its influence. For the greater part of the year they would live in the world, with the world, and like the world—as did their fathers. Next summer they might (and many would) come to the big meeting and get "revived"—with their fathers. They would be Methodists and Baptists and Campbellites, as they were Masons and Odd Fellows and Woodmen—though if the strict truth be demanded, the lodge would get the preference when a choice was necessary.

The heart of Caleb was gripped in a mighty pain, and he cried within himself, "Oh, God, is this the Church of Jesus Christ, against which He promised that the gates of hell should not prevail?"

The last service of the big meeting had closed. There had been rather more than the usual number of accessions to the church, for the popularity of the preacher had won over some whose hereditary allegiance to another fold was not strong. A good collection was raised for the pastor, the presiding elder, and "expenses." The rattle of wagons and calls of horse-

back riders, told of the crowd departing for another year to dwell among the "flesh pots and leeks."

Hettie Porterfield had disappeared into the shadows with Bob Slack for her new home of love and ease.

The lights were out, but Caleb sat for a little time in the moonlight, communing with his sad heart. Suddenly he was startled out of his musing by a familiar voice: "Oh God, have mercy and save my soul!"

Quickly springing to a bench at the side and near to the back of the arbor he came to the one of the burdened soul, a man lying prostrate in the straw. "Wainwright, is it you?" spoke the voice. "Don't leave me! I have confidence in your religion. Help me. I am a lost man unless God has mercy on me. I have come here night after night, hoping for a word of comfort or help, but it has been as chaff for my famishing heart."

Then there, in the darkness, after the meeting had closed, Caleb dealt faithfully with the soul of George Farris, the young teacher. Step by step, with prayer and exhortation and promise from God's Word, the penitent seeker was led by his friend, until at last he realized that the sacrifice on Calvary was for *him*; that the blood which poured from the riven side was for the washing away of *his* sins; that the "whosoever" included the name of George Farris.

At once there settled over him a peace, a joy, a sweetness, that was like a robe of glory—of light ineffable. In exact truth he felt himself a *new creature*,

and like the Mary who clasped the feet of the Newly Risen, he could but say, "*My Lord and my God!*"

Caleb reached his office late on that Monday morning after the close of the big meeting. Upon his arrival at home long after midnight, he found that Nellie, fearing for his safety in his unexplained absence, had despatched Uncle Zeke across the hills to the meeting place, to bring her husband, or word from him. But now Uncle Zeke himself was missing, and a hurried search over the farm, and even out at the arbor, failed to give trace of the old black man.

Caleb was filled with a fear that had hardly, as yet, become defined, as he reached town. There an excited group which was gathered about Colonel Porterfield for the moment turned his thoughts into another channel.

"Yes sah, Mistah Caleb," the poor old man called out as he saw the editor approaching, "Some one's stolen my little girl. This is her pretty new hat I found out near—out near—" he cast a quick, apprehensive glance over at Bud Slavin, "over in the hills. My po' little motherless girl!"

It was remembered afterward that Bob Slack was the first one to suggest that a posse be organized at once to scour the hills, and that it was he who put himself at the head, and led them out across Big Sandy to the poor home of the missing girl. But it was also not forgotten that Bud Slavin led the second posse, which would search through the wooded valleys and back up into the hills about his ranch.

Some pressing matters of shipments claimed his attention for the morning hours, preventing Caleb from joining either searching party, for the present, and it was noon before he was able to carry to Nellie the sad news of the disappearance of the poor girl whom the young wife had befriended at a time when Hettie had no other friend on earth. Then it was that Nellie's words brought remembrance, and made the fear of the morning stand out clearly defined in Caleb's brain: the old negro was also missing! Was it possible—?

Up from the valley there came reports of rifle shots, and a yell as when some wild beast is brought to bay—or taken.

CHAPTER VII

“LYNCH HIM! LYNCH THE NIGGER!”

The “big road” coming up from the county seat to Crockett City swung around a spur of the hills, that, crossing Old Man Mason’s farm, jutted down into the ranch of Bud Slavin. Back a quarter of a mile from the big road was one of the wildest and most secluded corners of the hill country. In some of the ages past an earth-throe had heaved and lifted and riven in twain this spur, leaving a chasm with nearly perpendicular sides, perhaps thirty feet in width at the mouth. A tiny stream trickled down from one side, watering beds of maiden-hair fern massed at the base of the wall, and clinging here and there in crevices part way up the side.

A dozen rods from the mouth of the glen, around the spur of the hill, in an early day, some pioneer had built a cabin of time-defying walnut logs, and cleared a little patch of ground. The occupant of the cabin had proven unsociable to the later settlers in the hills, and came to be known as the “hermit.” For long years the cabin had been tenantless, and the once cleared patch of ground had become a dense thicket of persimmon bushes, which completely hid both cabin and glen from the passers-by on the big road below.

But it was not alone the dense thicket that had isolated the place; the story was told by the old men, how, a hunter chancing to stop at the cabin, had found therein the long-dead body of the hermit with a gaping bullet wound in the skull. The belief that the place was haunted by the ghost of the dead man was strengthened in the superstition of the people by the natural wildness and gloom of the place. It was a spot to stay well away from. Not often did the door swing creaking on its wooden hinges, and the heavy oaken shutters to the windows were seldom raised.

The cavalcade whose shouts and shots had reached the ears of Caleb Wainwright at his dinner, had passed along the road, around the spur, and for a time there had been a commotion as when hunters are afield. Now the crowd was passing on again, up toward the town, but in the midst, with one end of a lariat tied about his neck, and arms fastened behind, half led, half dragged, limped and stumbled along an old man—and his face was black.

As they neared the town they came in sight of the returning posse led by Bob Slack. At once those of the captors in advance spurred up their horses and met the others with the shout:

"We've got him! We've got the nigger that made way with the girl. We caught him near where Colonel found his daughter's hat."

"Hooray!" responded Slack. "Jerk the black devil along, and we'll have a hangin' bee up town."

The captive was more dead than alive, with the

rough treatment he had received, by the time the company arrived in front of the printing office. "Here," called out Slack, "Here is the place to string him up, on this postoak by the print shop. Wainwright is the fellow that took the nigger in, and 's been harborin' him."

The words were hardly out of the mob leader's mouth before Caleb, revolver in hand, threw open his door and strode to the side of the hapless black man. The horseman who held the rope which was about the negro's neck, involuntarily dropped it, and the crowd fell back a little from the prisoner as the editor advanced. As he sank in an exhausted heap down by the building, Caleb stepped over him, with his back to the wall, facing the crowd.

"Lynch him! Lynch the nigger!" yelled several voices upon the outskirts of the mob. One or two near stooped to again pick up the rope.

"Stand back, every man of you!" shouted Caleb. "I'll kill the first one who touches that rope or lays hand upon this old man." And every one in that crowd knew that he meant what he said.

"Lynch the nigger! Lynch 'em both!" yelled Slack. "Let's clean up the whole nest."

But it was one thing to make way with a defenseless negro, and quite another to mob a determined white man of the standing of Caleb Wainwright, and no man was quite willing to make the first move.

"Men," quietly, but with a terrible earnestness, spoke Caleb, "there shall be no lynchings in this town

as long as I am alive. This community is going to honor law. If this old man is guilty of harming Hettie Porterfield, every man of you knows that he will be punished, quickly and surely. But he is going to have a fair trial."

The pitiable heap at his feet groaned, then softly spoke, "Mars Calip, I done foun' Miss Hettie. She's alibe. In de harnted house. I tol' 'er I come fotch yo'." And the old man again fainted.

"Men" Caleb called out, "Hetty's found, and is alive." Then calling out by name four of the better citizens of the group, he continued, "I am going to trust you with the safety of this old man, and the rest of you I want to go with me to the rescue of the girl."

"It's a trick! It's a trick!" frantically shouted Slack. "Don't you all listen to him! Lynch the nigger! Lynch 'em both! String 'em both up now."

But Slack had lost his leadership with the crowd, and they accepted Caleb's proposition to go to the rescue as he should lead.

This is the story as told by Uncle Zeke and Hettie afterwards: When Nellie, in her anxiety for the safety of her husband, despatched Uncle Zeke to the campground, she had advised him to keep to the road, but he, thinking himself sufficiently familiar with the country, decided to save a mile of his walk by cutting across over Broad Top hill. That he lost his way was not surprising, for shortly after midnight thick clouds covered the moon. What fears those rocks and glens and thickets held for the old negro, as he stumbled

about in the darkness, one of the white race could not comprehend. But the fears of the night were small compared with the terror that gripped his heart with a paralyzing clutch, as, in the dawning, the old path he had come into brought him suddenly face to face with the haunted cabin. The heavy oak shutters at the windows were fastened down, and the door was shut with a heavy bar on the outside. But even as the old man gazed trembling, his kinky wool seemed to rise upon his head and stand straight out, for within the cabin he heard sobs and groans.

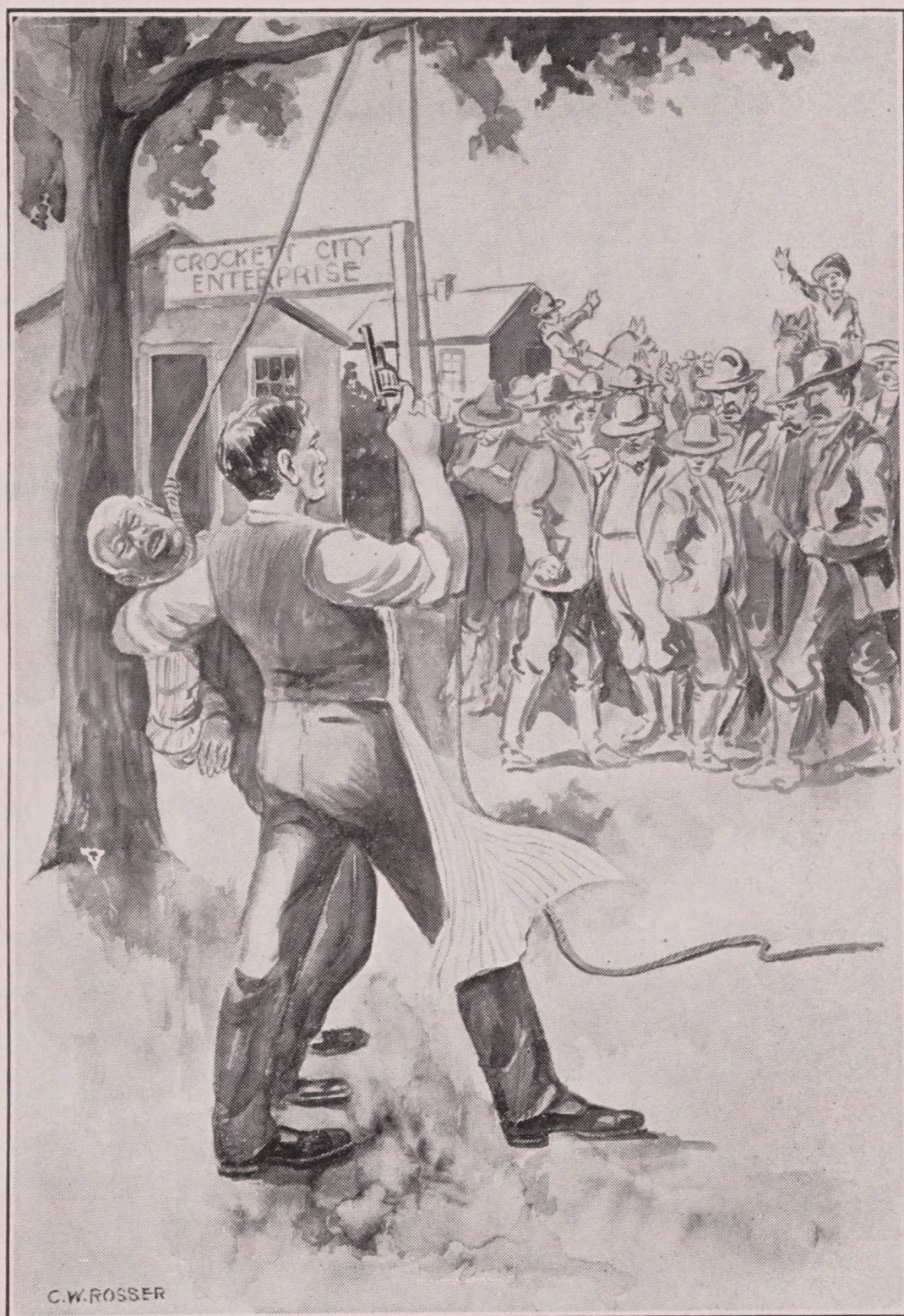
"De harnt!" gasped the negro, all the strength of his body leaving him.

"Daddy, oh daddy! Come get me!" came the muffled wail.

"Daddy! Dat harnt ain't got no daddy. Dat's er gal. Whose voice dat?" Suddenly he remembered: "Dat's Miss Hetty, de li'l' gal whut Miss Nellie done tuck care ob."

Though still trembling, the old negro approached the cabin, and his beating upon the door, and attempt to break away the fastenings, in turn terrified the imprisoned girl. But at last she recognized his voice as he had hers, and the cries and sobs were quieted with the promise of deliverance, as Uncle Zeke left to bring back "Mars Calip" to open the door and set the poor child free.

It was full daylight when he rounded the spur of rock and came to the mouth of the chasm. Here was another surprise scarcely less terrifying than those



"Lynch him! Lynch the Nigger!" [Page 70]

the night had held for him, for, within the gloom of the great crevice, he noted the unmistakable evidence of a brandy still in operation. The fire was low, but mash for the run had not been removed, and from the great copper worm the liquor was still dropping into the condenser. Casks standing about gave evidence of quite an extensive business.

"Befo' de Lawd, hit's wil'catters," gasped the old man.

To the manufacturer of untaxed liquor there was no sin in the Decalogue which so merited and would call forth the quick and sure penalty of death, as that of spying upon a still of "moonshiners" or "wildcatters," as the negro had termed them.

Of this fact, Uncle Zeke was well aware. He knew if he was caught in that vicinity by any of the men connected with that still, he would be asked no questions, and his burial would be private and without ceremony. Before he could turn away, he heard voices approaching, of men coming up from the big road. Once again he thanked his God for protecting care, as he sank down behind a log half covered with honeysuckle. The moonshiners came on, removed the mash, refilled the receptacle, replenished the fire, and otherwise prepared for the day's business.

The hours grew long to the old negro, crouching behind the log, and his tender heart ached for the "po' li'l' missy shet up in de cabin wid de harnt" to whom he had promised he would bring rescue. But he realized that his slightest movement would bring upon

him the men who would ask no questions, and who speak first with a gun.

Along about noon the baying of dogs and loud talk of horsemen down on the big road attracted the attention of the suspicious moonshiners, and they cautiously began to creep out into the thicket—one of them over the log, and full upon the crouching negro.

There was nothing for the frightened old man to do but to run, and run he did, while the yells of "A spy, a spy! a nigger spy!" echoed against the bluffs, as the men sprang back to the still house for their guns.

Straight for the cavalcade coming up the road the negro ran. If only he could reach them they surely would protect him from the wildcatters. The guns behind him began to pop, and he felt a sting in his hip, then, to his utter astonishment and horror, the horsemen, seeing a negro fleeing from white men, turned toward him, and giving the "view hello," charged down him, firing as they came. The old man turned again to run, stumbled and fell—and the next thing he knew he was being jerked to his feet by a rope tied about his neck.

When Caleb with his party upon their return reached the haunted house, they found, indeed, the lost girl, and alive, though scarcely more than that. Her fear of the place, and terror from the shots and shouting so near by, added to the cruel treatment to which she had been subjected during the night, had almost deprived her of reason. It was only after

several days of Nellie's tender nursing that she was able to tell a coherent story.

She remembered her promise to Nellie that she wouldn't go wrong again, and had tried to escape, at first, Bob Slack's attention. But during the big meeting he had promised to marry her, and was so polite and kind, she was sure that he loved her, and would be true. They had left the meeting together in the buggy, to go to the county seat for the license and the minister, as he told her, and then, when they had gotten past Slavin's ranch house, Bob had, partly by promises, partly by threats, induced her to consent to put up for the night at the house of a "friend of his," and they would go on to the county seat in the morning.

When, as they approached the cabin by the rock, the moon broke through its dark covering for a moment, the girl recognized the haunted house, her fear of the place overbore her fears of Slack, and she began to scream and struggle to get away.

It was here that she had lost the hat, which her father, on his way to visit the still, had found.

With bitter curses the man had beaten her over the head with his revolver until she was past the power of further resistance, and she was dragged into the cabin, to return to consciousness in suffering and woe and terror.

At that day the White Slave Traffic was not known as an organization, but many a young country girl was

trapped by the Bob Slacks to be sold into a slavery worse than death.

When Caleb and his party returned to the town, there was no further talk of lynching the old negro, but warm thanks and praise that through him Hettie had been enabled to escape the worse fate to which she had been doomed. It is not certain, however, if there might not have been danger to the life of a white man, had it not been discovered that Bob Slack had disappeared, never again to be seen in Crockett City.

When, at length, the story reached the outside world, there came in, quietly, two men who, without attracting suspicion, were able to finally locate the haunted cabin. Strange as it may seem, however, they gave no attention to the cabin, but in their report to their Internal Revenue chief, stated that they had found an abandoned, dismantled still, and evidently the owner or owners had concluded to retire from that kind of business.

CHAPTER VIII

A PRAYERMEETING OUT OF ORDER

The showing made by the canning factory and the shipping association, from the returns of the season's fruit and vegetable business, put the new order beyond the realm of experiment. Scores of hillside tracts were set out in fruit trees, and the capacity of the canning factory was doubled to care for greatly increased crops of vegetables and small fruits which the new contracts with the farmers promised.

Some of the larger farms were cut up into small tracts, and sold upon easy payments to the more ambitious of the renter class. In these the responsibility of proprietorship soon began to bear fruit in greater self-respect, and effort to improve the conditions of home life, and the appearance of their families.

That fall the Conference returned Elder Kirkland to Crockett City. The pastor had reason to be well pleased with his treatment, as he reported upon his return, the Bishop having publicly commended him as a safe and sane man. "There were, however, some other members of the conference not so fortunate—some fellows of the Wallace Miller type—extremists, who saw no good in anybody or anything except themselves and their ideas and whose stock in trade seemed

to be denunciation of the church and its loyal pastors." It seemed that a preacher from Kentucky, a cousin, by the way, of one of the bishops, had gotten into the bounds of the conference, and led off a great many of the people, and some of the pastors, into a fad called the "second blessing." "But it would have tickled you," chuckled Elder Kirkland, "to have seen the bishop squelch these 'cranktificationists.' He was a little sharp on the presiding elder of that district, too, for letting the thing get a start. But the elder promised to have it stamped out by next conference."

This pastor did not propose to risk a like rebuke from the bishop. He would fortify his flock against the heretical doctrines taught by these disturbers of the peace of Zion, and announced that he would preach on the subject the second Sunday.

When Caleb first came back to Crockett City, his love for the youth had induced him to gather a number of them into a weekly prayermeeting. In these services, he had, of course, the encouragement and cooperation of the pastor, Wallace Miller. It did not occur to either the pastor or Caleb, that the conversion of any of these young people was to be definitely sought, except in the time of some special revival meetings. So, while the editor and pastor did much in the way of teaching them the Word of God, there had been no definite religious awakening among them.

The conversion of George Farris seemed to mark not only a new era in his own life, but also in the life of Caleb Wainwright. The joy he had known in

winning that soul put within him a passion he had never before known to see others really brought into a vital experience of salvation, and his work with the young people in the prayermeeting took on a new aspect and meaning to him.

Soon after his conversion, the matter of church membership came up to George Farris, and he sought the advice of his friend, the editor. Naturally, Caleb would have been pleased to have him as a yokefellow in his own church, but when the school teacher remarked that his family had always been Baptists, and his views on baptism were those of that church, and spoke of his regard for the upright life and Christlike character of the Baptist pastor, Caleb wisely advised his becoming a member of that church.

While the mind and perhaps prejudice of the editor refused to assent to the doctrines to which his friend would subscribe, yet he, in his inmost heart, wished that he might be able to trace more of the likeness of Jesus in his own pastor. It seemed to him a strange thing that with the two pastors, one should have a faulty doctrine, and a true experience of salvation, and the other a perfect doctrine (in his church standards) and yet an experience that savored more of the things of this life, than that of the world to come.

Elder Lunford was above the average of his fellows in spirituality. A Baptist of the "straitest sect," he held tenaciously and preached the tenets of his church. Baptism was nothing less than burial *in* water; "close communion" was an ordinance of the Master; a child

of God could by no possible act of himself become less than a child, and an heir to the kingdom of his Father; that the fleshly body was full of sin and the most holy life possible here below could be but an abomination in the sight of God. This he indeed taught, but he insisted upon a genuine conversion: if men were to be children of God, and so finally heirs of the kingdom, they must be "born from above."

Naturally, there was little joy in the religion of this good man, but occasionally the inner life of real regeneration which he had, would break through the grave wrappings of doctrine, the face of the man would shine, and the glory of God would be upon him.

What Caleb was to those of the Methodist church, that George Farris became to the young Baptist people. The prayermeetings of the two churches being held upon different nights, fraternizing between the two groups became the order, and as the Spirit of God rested upon their meetings, several of the young folks were soundly converted. A new and strange religious atmosphere came to be felt in the community.

Pastor Kirkland had not been in the habit of attending these prayermeetings; he was glad of the opportunity of trusting this duty to Wainwright. However, happening in one night, on his way home from the lodge, he beheld the joy of the Lord being given expression in testimony, snatches of choruses, and victory-breathing prayer. The following day he called upon Caleb and warned him against what he called a suspicious trend toward fanaticism. He also

felt free to say that he saw little good in mixing so freely with another denomination. He was sure there was nothing to be gained for the church in union meetings.

The Second Sunday sermon of Elder Kirkland was greeted with an audience that packed the old, swaybacked church to its capacity. The preacher announced his subject as "Sanctification," which, he said, was a doctrine of the church, and indeed of all churches.

He believed in sanctification; he believed in holiness—but he did not believe in "cranktification," as the bishop had so aptly termed it, nor in this "second blessing" stuff. He even went so far as to say that through consecration, a child of God could receive the baptism of the Holy Spirit for service.

Sanctification, he explained, was the setting apart to the service of God, as everyone did themselves when they came and joined the church militant. God did not have to try twice to save a man. There was nothing in this second cleansing. Very few of the bishops or leading pastors held to that antiquated view. The founder of their church himself had repudiated his earlier teaching before he died. Those folks, he said, led off by this Kentucky preacher, are set out to tear down our church. They claim that they can't sin; that they are as good as Jesus Christ and getting better every day. "But let me tell you," thundered the pastor, "what John says about them: 'He that

sayeth he liveth and sinneth not, is a liar and the truth is not in him.'

"They are a set of lying hypocrites. They teach free love, and practice it too. Their preachers are running around with other men's wives and breaking up homes wherever they go. Nobody who is any account has anything to do with them; it is the scum of the earth that is following them off—folks too lazy to work and too dishonest to pay their grocery bills. I pray God they never get within the bounds of this circuit, but if they do, I warn you to keep your smoke-houses locked. Niggers are not in it with these 'holy' folks when it comes to taking things."

The preacher worked himself up into a fervor of eloquence, and closed with an urgent appeal for all his hearers to stand true to those who were over them in the Lord, and to the mother church that had given them spiritual birth.

There were many to crowd forward after the sermon to shake the hand of the preacher, as of one who had won a victory as champion of their cause. But Caleb noted that the more spiritual members of the congregation went away in a subdued manner, even, it seemed, with a spirit of sadness, the cause of which they did not understand.

As George Farris walked home with his friend to dinner, they talked over the sermon, and from it went deeper into their own experience as Christians.

"I don't know about this 'second blessing,' except that it was said Pastor Wallace Miller professed it,"

said Caleb. "I don't think it would hurt any of us to get as much religion as he had. If they teach that men get to where they can't sin, of course they go against both Scripture and reason; and for a man to be as holy as Jesus Christ, he would have to know as much as God. They may be a bad lot of fanatics, but, George, I wish there was such a thing as the perfect love that Brother Miller talked to me about before he went away. I know I haven't it, and I can see very little of it in the church. It seems to me that selfishness is the rule. I tell you what my heart cries out to be, and that is a *Bible* Christian. I know I have been converted, and I know that I love God, but there are times, perhaps just when I am wanting to be at my best for Him, that I slip up, and act like a rank sinner."

"I know exactly what you mean," responded Farris. "I was in one of those situations myself Friday. Shortly after I had taken up school after noon, little Ned Walls got out his bean shooter and slyly popped Mattie Slavin on the hand. I took the shooter away from him, and told him that if he should ever do such a thing in school again, I would punish him severely. Before an hour, as I was turning from the blackboard to face the school, a second shot from a shooter took me squarely in my left eye. It hurt, all right, but the pain was as nothing to my anger. Without asking any questions, I sprang to Ned's seat and cuffed him soundly, forgetting that I had already taken away his ability to shoot beans. The children saw that my pun-

ishment of the lad was unjust; that I had struck in anger and not in righteousness; that my spirit was of the evil one, and not of the loving Christ, whose follower I professed to be. I have been calling the little ones together for a short time after school, on Friday afternoons, to pray with and for them. But last Friday my evil act, as I soon recognized it to be, rose up like a mountain between me and the children, and I realized that I was shut off from them until I had cried and prayed for myself, and asked forgiveness of them and of God.

"I was telling my dear old pastor Lunford about my experience, but he assured me that such was a part of the Christian warfare; that we could expect to be occasionally tripped up by the enemy all along our journey, but that 'we had an Advocate with the Father.'"

"From what I hear," said Caleb, "this Kentucky preacher and his folks claim that God has an experience of constant victory, in every situation of life, for those who will 'pay the price,' as they say, and they preach that this is, or should be, the normal experience of the church. I wish I knew if such a thing were possible for me."

"I am going to find out some day for myself," responded Farris.

It was in November, when the soft Indian Summer was upon the land like a dream of peace; when the blue haze hung in the hills, and the scarlet of gum trees, yellow of hickory, and brown of maple and oak

decked the landscape in a riot of vivid color, that the Baptist meeting was held. This was not an arbor meeting, but held in the new church house, where a somewhat noted evangelist of that denomination had been secured for the series of services.

Like the pastor, the evangelist, "knowing but the baptism of John," preached repentance and regeneration. The burden of his cry was, "Ye must be born again." It was in this meeting that the fruit of the prayermeeting which had been held for the past two months or more, began to be seen. The young folks who had been converted under the efforts of George Farris and Caleb Wainwright, threw themselves into the work of leading others to Christ with that zeal characteristic of those to whom all things have become new. Many others, members of both churches, who had been attending the prayermeetings, now yielded, and sought and found the Lord in the conversion of their souls.

Side by side the two friends labored, it never once occurring to Caleb that he was out of place in a Baptist meeting. Before the close of the two weeks of services, the editor had the blessed consciousness that, through his personal efforts, seven of the business men of the town had professed salvation in Jesus Christ.

CHAPTER IX

HE WIST NOT THAT THE SKIN OF HIS FACE SHONE

Not only was there a great awakening on religious lines, through the labors of the evangelist who preached repentance, and insisted that men must "be born again," but, as he was (which was somewhat remarkable for a man of that denomination, at that time and locality) an inveterate foe of the saloon, when men were converted in his meetings it might be counted upon that henceforth the liquor traffic had that many more enemies.

The effect of the Baptist meeting was so widespread throughout the country, that Caleb saw in it an opportunity to strike an effective blow, and he at once began the circulation of a petition to the county court for an election upon the question of further licensing the saloons. After it became known that the requisite number of signatures had been secured, the editor was surprised one night, when, opening the door of his home at a knock, he saw standing without both of Crocket City's saloon keepers, Slavin and Satterwhite.

"Come in, gentlemen," heartily invited Caleb.

"It's this way," began Slavin, "I know you've got the names, but I have reason to believe that the county court will not grant your petition; and if it should, I don't believe you could carry through your scheme any way. But I am willing to stop the fuss and come to some terms with you, if you're inclined to be reasonable."

"Gentlemen," spoke up Caleb, "I have been learning some things lately, and one of them is that if I get my directions from God, I don't go wrong. This is a serious matter we are about to talk over; let us pray."

The men were evidently taken aback, and hesitated, but finally did kneel, after a fashion, and Caleb poured forth his heart in prayer. First, for the God of love to bless the hearts of these two men, that their eyes might be opened to the evil of their business; that they might turn from the bringing of harm to their fellows, to the doing of good; and then, that whatever plans were decided upon by them in that little meeting might have the sanction of Almighty God.

As they arose from their knees Satterwhite was clearly broken up. "You call the business evil, Wainwright, but you don't know a tenth of it. I tell you it's hell. Talk about it being a lawful business—there isn't a saloon keeper living that can run his business and track the law."

Slavin shifted uneasily. "What I came to say is that Satterwhite and I both are willing to quit the

business, but we want you to hold back matters and give us a little time."

"I'm done anyway," said Satterwhite.

"Well," resumed Slavin, "I'm not going to lose what I've got in the business, but in a little time I think I can turn loose."

"Do you mean that your saloon will go out of business?" asked Caleb, "or are you intending to sell to someone else to continue it?"

"Don't take me for a fool. I'll unload on the other fellow and let him take the chance," replied Slavin.

"Can't you understand, Bud, that it is not you, but your business, I am opposing?" said Caleb.

"Seemed to me I was the chap you was after a good deal of the time," the saloon keeper responded. "Anyway, I came down proposing a little let up on the fight for both sides, and things might go easier your way as well as mine."

"But," replied Caleb, "that would be an unrighteous bargain. I can't agree to it."

"All right," responded the saloon keeper, "I have been white enough to give you your chance; now look out," and he turned and went out.

"Mr. Wainwright," said Satterwhite, turning and giving his hand to Caleb, "I'm going to be a better man, and I want you to help me."

Through the influence Slavin was able to bring to bear upon the court the petition was put over until the spring term, and the editor was summoned to ap-

pear at that time and show why the order for the election should be given.

It was on the morning of the second day of the New Year that the school teacher, returning from an absence during the two weeks holiday vacation, came into the printing office.

Caleb looked up at the usual cordial greeting of his friend, and in an instant what he saw sent an arrow of spiritual conviction to his heart—there was an unearthly, supernatural *shine upon the face of George Farris*.

It is not within my province to explain this phenomenon; as an intelligent, sober, sane historian of fact I rest the statement. The wise ones who, having banished God from His universe, are at no more trouble to explain away the recorded miracles of Holy Writ, than to evolve man from the self-begotten living-single-cell, will be able to put together a satisfactory combination of sub-conscious self and nerves and capillaries—but the face of George Farris *shone!*

It was not merely a pleased or animated expression, as of joy or intense interest; rather, the expression was restful; but *upon* that face and *from* that face was a glow that carried conviction to a spiritual beholder—a conviction of the divine.

Again, it is not within the province of the writer to act as attorney—and present arguments; but merely as a chronicler to state soberly the fact that not only in this case, but in scores of others, has he seen the face of men and women similarly glow with that

supernatural light, which, in of course greater degree, caused the face of Moses to blind the eyes of the Israelites as he came down from the presence of God—that same light which, in the fulness of its glory, burst through the material incarnation of the Son of God, and clothed the Christ with dazzling brightness upon the mountain top.

For the first time in their friendship Caleb felt between himself and Farris a sense of strangeness, almost of constraint. What was this to come between them? It was no loss of affection on the part of his friend; every word and tone of his voice spoke love.

When they were seated, the teacher, grasping Caleb's hand, said, "Wainwright, do you remember our talk after Elder Kirkland's sermon, as we walked home, how you said you wished you knew if such a blessing as we spoke of was for you, and how I said I was going to find out for myself some day? Well, I have found out. I have been down to Valley Mills for the past ten days, attending a meeting held by the Kentucky preacher and his helpers. I listened carefully to his array of Scriptures; I weighed the testimonies, of which there seemed to be no lack, and many of which fit my case exactly; I got hungry; I 'paid the price'; *and I have the blessing*, praise God!

"I determined at once to bring the preachers to Crockett City, so that our people could hear the good news. I have just been to see my pastor about the use of our church," and here his voice saddened, "but the dear man took great pains to show me that no such

victory as I described was possible in this life, and warned me against going further in the matter.

"Perhaps you might speak to your pastor for the use of your building. The preacher is a member of that church in good standing in his conference. It seems that we should hold the meeting in some regular place of worship, for, of a surety, this thing is God's message to His church."

"Of course I'll see Elder Kirkland about it," agreed Caleb, "but I'm afraid my success will be somewhat as yours."

It was not only refusal and warning that Wainwright received from his pastor, but scathing denunciation and threat. Returning with a sober face, but one which was set in firm—we almost said hard—lines, Caleb said to his friend, "George, as I told you, I don't know about this thing; but these people are going to have the chance to present their case in Crockett City. If there is no such a life for the church as they tell about, there should be. If they know of any better way than we have for us poor hill-dwellers, I want to hear it.

"I have this big, old warehouse on the corner rented for a year. We had it fixed up for our fruit and vegetable business, but shall have no need for it now before spring. I'll get some kind of benches put in, and you can bring your preachers on and begin the meeting."

A prairie fire in a gale has stood at the head of illustrations for rapid spreading, but that would have seemed slow to the news which went forth into the

town and over the country, that the school teacher and editor had sent off for a band of the "holiness" to hold a meeting in Crockett City, and that they had been refused the use of both church houses.

It was a distinctly hostile community to which the Kentucky preacher came with his message, in the old warehouse. We read in the Gospels of the treatment their Messiah received at the hands of the Jews—of the suspicion, the trapping, the mockery, the railing, the scourging, the indignities of spittle and rod and crown of thorns, of nail-pierced hands and riven side. We turn again to the record for His deeds, and find them all of love—feeding the hungry, healing the sick, and raising the dead. We look to find, perhaps, in His doctrine the reason for the hatred of those whom He so blessedly served, and we find His words the Way of Life out from the ruin of sin back to the peace and purity of God. Our heart cries out against the blindness of those who could so refuse and spurn their supreme blessing.

Is it strange then that he who comes with a proclamation that the omnipotent God will, through the sacrifice of His Son, graciously cleanse from all sin the heart of those who have been born again, and fill their purified souls with the perfect love of Christ, so that again upon earth His life shall be re-presented—is it strange, I say, that such a preacher shall also receive the treatment accorded his Master?

Human nature is the same today as in the day of the rejecting Jews. Carnality hates the very name

of holiness. But also is it true today, as when the hundred and twenty tarried in the upper room, that he who hungers and thirsts after righteousness shall be filled.

Between Rube Dorman and his son-in-law there had arisen sharp contention and almost an estrangement over the latter's persistency in his fight against the saloons. This feeling of bitterness was augmented in the heart of Dorman when word reached him that the husband of his daughter, his only child, had so far forgotten himself and his position in the community as to lend his aid to a set of "religious anarchists," crazy fanatics, who, with their hypnotism or other wiles of the devil, were turning communities upside down wherever they went.

The words were of anger and resentment, but words once given never to be recalled, that were sent to Caleb. Nellie, who had been up to her old home for Grandma to fit a dress for the boy, was found by Caleb upon his return from town, red-eyed from weeping. She bravely smiled, and at first tried to turn aside the question, as her husband put his arm about her and asked the cause of her sorrow. But finally looking up squarely she said, "Caleb, I have never kept anything from you—you have read my heart, and it must always be so between us. Father has sent you a bitter message. He says that if you take any of these 'holiness' into your home, his home is forever closed to you." And the poor girl hid her face upon the man's shoulder and again sobbed.

“‘I come not to bring peace but a sword’; ‘A man’s foes shall be they of his own household,’” quoted Caleb to himself. “Nellie, this is your home; whoever crosses this threshold, comes as your guest. It shall be as you say.”

“Husband,” replied Nellie quietly, but with a great light shining in her eyes, “We are going together; my people shall be your people, and my God is your God.”

For a time the home of Caleb and Nellie Wainwright was the home of the Kentucky preacher and two others of his accompanying workers.

I have said that it was a hostile community which appeared before the “second blessing” preacher, and this was true in the larger sense, but not all who came to that first service came as enemies; not all were moved by curiosity alone—there were those who, loving God, and having confidence in the religious life of George Farris and Caleb Wainwright, came with open minds and receptive hearts.

The old warehouse was filled. Even the long, rough bench which had been placed across the room in front of the preacher’s stand for an “altar,” was for the time utilized by the hearers.

Before the service began, George Farris, with a smiling face, from which a strange light beamed, made his way up toward the front. As he passed there spread from lip to lip the whispered word, “Did you hear? The directors have locked the doors of the school against the teacher. They say he’s gone crazy. They may take him to the county seat to be tried.”

CHAPTER X

AND GOD CAME DOWN UPON THE MOUNT

A hush fell upon the crowd in the hall as Farris, reaching the preacher's stand at the front, held up his hand.

"My friends," he began, "you all know that when I came to this place I was not a professing Christian. Although reared by good Baptist parents, I had never given my heart to God; never had known that radical change which makes one the child of God. Many of you have heard that out at the arbor meeting, after the last service, with no one near but my friend Wainwright, I was truly born from above. I think the most of you will be willing to testify that my life has been, at least in a degree, fruitful as a Christian.

"But now I want to testify to you that it was not long after I became a Christian before I was surprised to find something ugly in the way of impatience, of temper, that would on occasion suddenly betray me into acts un-Christlike, and for which I had to repent with tears.

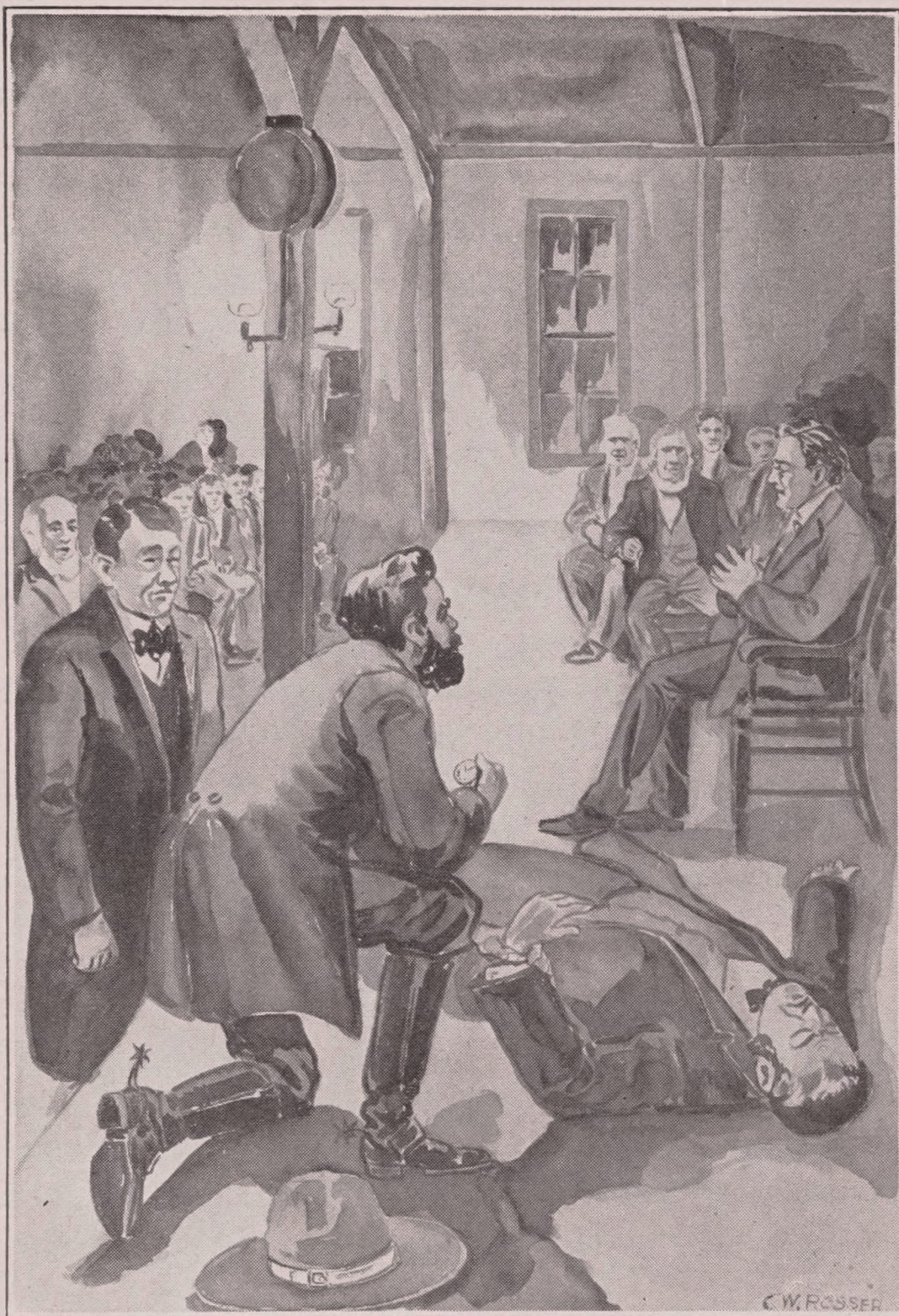
"After Elder Kirkland's sermon on the Second Blessing I chanced upon an old volume of sermons by a Baptist divine in which was one address on the Rest of Faith. It pictured my religious experience, and

laid my trouble at the door of an evil principle which even converted children of God carry within. From this hindering obstruction to a perfect heart service, the writer declared there was deliverance and perfect rest through faith in the cleansing blood of Jesus Christ.

"I began to search my Bible, and was more and more confirmed in my hope that there might be a deeper, completer work of divine grace for my life than I had known. When I heard that these brethren were holding a meeting at Valley Mills, and that scores of Christians were really entering into this Rest of Faith, I determined to spend my vacation there, and hear and see for myself.

"I went with an honest, hungry heart to be filled with God. I heard; I believed; I emptied myself of self; God came in as a cleansing flood, and filled me with Himself. I then determined that you, too, dear ones, some of whom I have had the blessed privilege of leading to Christ, should know the victory of a life sanctified and cleansed by the blood of Jesus, who suffered without the gate for the church."

As the school teacher sat down, the Kentucky preacher, a dignified, scholarly man, a man whose presence would have graced the Senate of the Nation, arose and asked that all of the audience who would, kneel with him in prayer. While the language of the petition was choice, it was simple, and the thing that struck the hearers was a sense of being in the presence of one who was speaking face to face with God. One



The speaker stopped, swayed, and sank in a heap upon the floor.

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almost expected to hear the audible voice of the Almighty in reply granting the request. There was a hush almost as of fear upon the people.

There were perhaps a dozen workers with the preacher, some of whom were among those who, like George Farris, professed to have received the grace of entire sanctification at the Valley Mills meeting. It was a custom among these people to take with them from one meeting to the next a few of the converts of that meeting to begin their work for the Master. "For all the people had a mind to work."

If the opening prayer of the preacher was out of the ordinary, the song service which followed was more so. There were no droning, dragging tunes, but crisp, bright, breezy choruses, proclaiming the efficacy of the blood to cleanse from all sin, and filled with praise. There was a spontaneity, almost hilarity, in the singing that was contagious. Before they were aware, a large part of the congregation was joining with a hearty voice.

Following the unusual prayer and unusual singing came a short period for testimony. There was no urging by the leader—he called it "giving an opportunity"—but several springing to their feet at once, each of the workers in turn gave praise to God for a heart made clean in the blood of the Lamb; for salvation from all sin; for being kept that day in perfect love.

Some there were who spoke more at length, of a life redeemed from the depths of sin; of strong bars

of evil habits broken, and themselves set free. If there was boasting in the testimonies, it was in the Lord who had delivered and blessed and kept.

It had been a not uncommon occurrence to hear some old grandmother shout at the summer big meeting; but here, in the middle of the winter, was a band of people with shining faces, who could hardly speak for laughing or crying *with joy*, and whose conduct of worship was with such freedom that many of the audience, unused to freedom in things religious, looked upon it as license.

The leader invited all who loved God to take part in this service of praise, but the profession of the workers seemed to throw a constraint over those who, though really saved, knew not this fuller experience. At length Caleb Wainwright arose and said,

“I do not understand about this experience, testified to by my friend Farris and these other brethren, but I am glad to say that I know Jesus Christ in the salvation of my soul. I love my Lord, and I want to have my part in this meeting in helping others to find Him.”

He was then followed by several of the young Christians and converts of the Baptist meeting, who testified, though often with faltering voice, that they belonged to Christ.

The preacher arose and took as his text: “Be ye holy.”

It is not the intention of the writer to insert here a sermon on the subject of holiness—this is not a book

of polemics, but simply a narrative. After a short recounting of his own experience, the preacher began his sermon saying, "My text is the command of God; it is for you to say whether you are willing to obey that command."

He traced the story of the fall, and the entailment of a sinful condition upon the race. He said that the world is sick with sin, and unable in that condition to do the will of God. Holiness, that which God demanded, was, he said, no more and no less than health—soul health, and that was the thing which God offered. No thoughtful, sane man would oppose being made well.

Holiness, he declared, was the standard of business. It was demanded by and of every merchant in Crockett City. Holiness said that a man must be honest—the merchant agreed: the buyer must pay his account; and, on the other side, the dealer must give 16 ounces for a pound and 36 inches for a yard. Holiness demanded truthfulness—let some one intimate that one of you men is not holy in that regard, and see what happens. Holiness is purity—was there a husband, father, or brother present who would allow anything less in the attitude of anyone toward his wife, mother or sister? Down through the various relations of life the preacher proceeded, showing the reasonableness of this demand of God that men should be holy.

He took up the Bible and showed that this command of God was the standard of the book throughout. He brought forward the hymnology and the creeds of

the different churches, giving their agreement to this standard.

But why was it, asked the preacher, that all men do not at once become holy as soon as they know the will of God? This opened up the discussion of the *principle* of sin, the "carnal mind." "That thing in you," said the preacher to his hearers, "that is just now urging objections to the pleading of the Spirit of God for permission to cleanse your heart and fill it with perfect love, which is holiness."

The speaker closed with an appeal for all present who desired to serve God with a perfect heart, and had felt that hidden hindrance within, to come forward and seek deliverance. To the astonishment of the audience, and the nine days wonder of the community afterwards, a dozen or more of the most spiritual church members in the town quickly responded, and kneeling at the rough bench in front of the preacher's stand, lifted their eyes and hands and voices to the God who had given them spiritual life, and He answering, gave them life more abundant. He had washed them with the water of regeneration, but now "purged away their dross and tin," as they were baptized with the baptism of Jesus, promised by John, the baptism with the Holy Ghost and fire, unto holiness.

While the first fruits of the meeting were from among the best people of both churches, yet, as the services continued, many of the unconverted were

brought to the altar confessing their sins, and arose to a changed life.

There was a freedom and a joyousness about the meeting that was well-nigh irresistible. As the preacher presented the reasonableness of a wholehearted service to God, and the tender love of Jesus to take from the heart of His children the thing which hindered them from living lives of constant victory, before one week had passed nearly all of the young people who had been converted during the prayermeetings, had come to the altar seeking to have their hearts cleansed and made perfect in love.

In every home in the town and surrounding community the meeting and the doctrine of holiness became the subject of discussion. Bibles long unused were brought out, many, like the good Bereans, searching to find if the gracious words of the preacher were really so.

Praying bands from among the newly-sanctified and converted went out into the homes, and meetings for short services were held in several of the business houses. While it was true that there were those who still bitterly opposed the meetings, and were unsparing in their condemnation of the preachers and those who associated with them—some parents going so far as to turn from home a son or daughter who had found Christ in the pardon of sins at the “second blessing” meeting—yet in the community as a whole there was an increasing spirit favorable to the work and the workers.

As the wrong impressions concerning the teaching were corrected, and the humble, joyous spirit and fervent piety of the workers, and marked change in the lives of the converts, became facts not to be denied, confidence grew, the influence of the meeting spread, and marvels were done in the name of the Lord.

To none of those who were out of sympathy with the meeting at its beginning was the trend of affairs now more apparant, than to Elder Kirkland. Many of his best members had professed the "second blessing," and not a few of the Baptists and of the Cumberlands from the country. Why might not the present tide of religious interest be taken advantage of, and be directed into the safe and sane channels of his own church?

It was at the Saturday night service that the congregation in the warehouse, after the song and prayer service had been running for a time, were surprised almost into breathlessness to see this pastor arise, and addressing the preacher, ask permission to "say a word."

"Certainly, my brother," responded the leader, "Come forward to the platform."

Elder Kirkland made his way up to the front, smiling, and after shaking hands with the preacher, turned to the audience.

"My brethren in Christ," he began, "you will remember that I preached to you not long ago at my church on the subject of holiness, of sanctification, and told you that I believed in the doctrine. It is, as I

said, a doctrine of our church. I have this experience that you are telling about, but, like the most of our bishops, I got it when I was converted. However, the time is not an important matter; it is the thing itself that counts. But what I came to say was this: God should be worshiped in His sanctuary. It is almost a sacrilege to have a religious meeting in such a place as this. I want you all to come over and go right on in my church. Of course, I don't believe in fanaticism, and have guarded and shall guard my people against it; but from what I hear your preacher has kept well within the standards. I am sorry that I was so busy that it would have been impossible for me to attend the meetings, when Brother Wainwright asked for our church, or we might have begun there. Now tomorrow is Sunday, and we'll just pack up and go over to my church, and go right on with the meeting. I want you people to understand that I believe in the right kind of holiness. I am sanctified as much as any of you. I am, myself, a Holy Ghost preacher——”

The speaker stopped, swayed, and sank in a heap upon the floor.

CHAPTER XI

IN THE DAY OF MIRACLES

As the man fell, a groan of horror arose from the congregation—in a moment there would have been a panic, but the leader of the meeting, holding up his hand, spoke in a voice compelling by its tone of assurance as well as authority, "Keep your seats; it is nothing serious. If there is a physician present, I would ask him to come forward and assure the people."

A young doctor, recently arrived in town, arose and quickly making an examination of the unconscious preacher, announced, "The pulse and respiration are not far from normal, and there seems to be no immediate danger. I should say it is a case of *hypnotic catalepsy*."

The preacher smiled. "It is the hand of God." In a few sentences he explained that the condition was a not unusual one with persons under great spiritual conviction. He had known many to lie in that way for hours, unconscious to all about them, but with God consciously dealing with their souls. Usually, the preacher added, the result was a happy surrender to the will of God, but sometimes, said he sadly, the one

came back to walk in deeper spiritual darkness than he had before known.

The services and sermon proceeded with the preacher lying unconscious upon the floor, though arranged in comfortable position. It was during the altar service, when the workers were busy with a score of seekers, that the stricken man came to himself, almost unnoticed, walked to a seat, and a few moments after left the building without saying a word.

The following Monday was, for Caleb Wainwright, a day (of which more were to follow) when he seemed like Abraham of old to be entering into the horror of a great darkness. Upon this pretext and that, first one and then another of the business men of the town—until few who had been patrons of Caleb's paper remained—withdrew their patronage, either in person or by letter. Some expressed reluctance, and hoped that matters might be arranged soon so that they could resume, but not until nearly night did the editor locate the moving hand of the boycott.

The little, old, Irish shoemaker came in on his way home, and hesitatingly said to Caleb, "Well, Misther Wainwright, ye'll have t' be takin' me ad out av yer pa-aper. Ave it hadn't bin me owin' Rube Dorman fer that owld bill o' leather, I'd seen him—seen him *furder* afore I'd a-gone back on yer, Misther Wainwright. Ye've alluz bin the gintleman, sor, which same I can't be sayin' fer Dorman. Bad 'cess til him."

So it was Dorman, Nellie's father, who was show-

ing his power to make or break to his will. He would compel Caleb to give up his fight on the saloons, and now he would punish him for giving his sanction to the holiness meetings. His heart burned hot within him. Well, if he had to fight Dorman as well as the saloons, he would fight Dorman—and the rest of the town with him, *but he would not turn from his purpose.*

That night Caleb excused himself to the preachers, and he and Nellie remained at home. Again it was the wise, faithful, tender wife who gathered this strong, wilful man into her arms, and, as a mother brings peace to a hurt and rebellious child, she calmed the tempest in the heart of her husband.

“Caleb,” said she, as anger and despair fought for his soul, “have you forgotten that you are a child of God? Do you not believe that He cares; and if He cares, will He not see you through? Are you not conscious that you have done right in trying to save this people from the fearful drink curse? And is not God truly in this meeting? If you have chosen the right, can you not trust the result with God in quietness of spirit? Perhaps He has some other work for you to do. At least,” she said, smiling through her tears, “If you do not have so much to do at the office, you will have more time for the meetings. I have wished that you might attend regularly—and come to seek and receive this great blessing.”

Although, whenever Caleb had attended the meeting, he had taken part in the work of soul-saving,

yet he had made no move to seek that perfect rest his soul so much needed, and into which so many were entering with joy unspeakable. During the time in which the meeting was held, his mind and heart were crowded so full of the affairs of this life—not things of evil, but things of themselves good—that this blessed gospel failed to get down into his consciousness. The boycott that had come upon him through the evil influence of his father-in-law, and consequent disarrangement of his printing business, weighed heavily upon him, notwithstanding his faith in God. Then there were the necessary preparations to be made for the shipping season, entailing much correspondence. Not less than the other crowding duties was his interest in the fight against the saloon, which not for an hour did he relax, and which called for frequent absences from home. Thus it frequently is that the good, though secondary, things of life often crowd in at the very time when God is offering man His very best.

In after years it became a great wonder to Caleb that he had not been the first to respond to the altar call of the Kentucky preacher, and seek that blessing; that the depths of his being had not been reached—the granite fastness of his imperious self-will had not been broken up. How blessed it is that God deals patiently, but thoroughly, with those whom He would fashion into His own image, and with infinite wisdom fits His dealings to suit the peculiar nature of each.

As the meeting swept on, an increasing number of

the unconverted were brought to repentance. It seemed easy for people to get saved. The crowds that came from up the valleys and over the hills, brought first by curiosity, were held by the lively songs, and the free, happy testimonies. Then, under the power of the Holy Spirit, the plain, earnest words of the preacher got hold of the hearts of men and women who could only pray, "God be merciful to me a sinner"; but these went home justified.

All over that hill country, for the first time in that generation, in the rude cabins men sat, morning and night, before the light of the open fireplace, slowly, painfully, with toil-disfigured finger tracing out the words of some easy verse of the Bible, while the children stood about in awed silence at the strange doings since "pap got religion."

To be sure, the old warehouse lacked the air of sanctity we all associate with a church, yet it is probable that there were scores who came and heard, and stayed to find God in that rough hall, who would not have been induced to come into a church building.

Certainly it was one of this class who stood at the open doors on a night of which I write. For nearly two months the services had run, and late February was bringing its promise of spring. Daily Old Man Mason had passed the hall, and jeered and scoffed and reviled, as he beheld the thronging crowds. For thirty-eight years his foot had not crossed the threshold of a church, in accordance with the vow he had made in that black hour when he had cursed God.

This night he had not been drinking—he was walking out home sober, and from some strange cause his mind was full of the scenes of his youthful days, days before——. He was opposite the old hall when he seemed to come to himself. Within, the audience was singing:

Be of sin the double cure,
Save from wrath and make me pure.

A pain like the sting of an arrow seemed to pierce his heart. "The song she sang when——." Scarcely conscious of what he was doing, he stepped to the open door where he could hear more easily. The crowd of late comers from the country pressed behind, and he found himself standing within the building. "Well," thought he, "it's not a church, anyway."

The preacher's subject was the blood of Jesus—its power to cancel the sins of a lifetime, and restore the soul to health and purity in the sight of God. No matter how deep sin had gone, said the preacher, the blood cure went deeper; no matter how strong the bands of appetite and habit which bound their victim, the love of Jesus was able to set completely free.

Old Man Mason stood and listened—listened to the proclamation of the true gospel as he had not since the days of his young manhood. Was it true? Was there any such love in the universe? and could it be that it was for him? A strange trembling seized him, and he turned toward the door as though he would leave the house, but his feet would not

move. The fragrance of honeysuckle blossoms came with thronging memories. *She* had worn them in her hair! Ah, he had been a good man then, but——

Someone was taking him by the hands—his hands as cold as the hands of death—and speaking his name. Was it *she*—had she come back to plead with him again as she had before——?

We say things “happen,” and we wonder. But He who formed the limitless expanse of worlds, also fashioned the delicate beauty of the shell no larger than the grain of sand. His thought becomes the thought of men, and things come to pass.

Nellie Wainwright did not know why she stopped to break a spray of honeysuckle for her hair, as she passed on her way to church; she did not know why she turned that moment in the hall, and looked back toward the door; she did not know why she made her way to the town terror, the vile drunkard and blasphemer, and take him by the hand and urge him to come with her and seek Christ at the mourner's bench. She did not know, but God knew, and had His hand upon two lives. To Old Man Mason was opening the door of opportunity for the last time.

It seemed to the old man that he was suffocating, drowning, sinking into a fathomless abyss, and the slender hand that was reached out to him was his only hope of escape. A mighty cry was wrung from the very depths of his soul, “My God, save me!” The old sin-battered hulk was stretched prostrate at the altar.

The audience arose almost as by one impulse; those in the rear of the house climbing upon the seats the better to see. Old Man Mason, the bad man of the hill country, was at the mourner's bench, *and he was praying!* Others, with terror depicted upon their faces, were easily persuaded by the workers to go forward as seekers. God had made a breach in the stronghold of the enemy.

It is the fashion to decry emotionalism in matters pertaining to religion. The reason is that men *will not* feel. To be as dead men regarding the actualities of the religion of Jesus Christ is the only escape they have from the burning lashings of the voice of God within. Here are Satan's inclines in the Broad Road, and somewhere along the way, "breaking the speed record," may be found the apostate church:

The days of miracles are past—No miracles in the Bible—No supernatural in religion—No Virgin birth—Jesus a mere man—No atoning Savior—No sin—No hell—No heaven—No God.

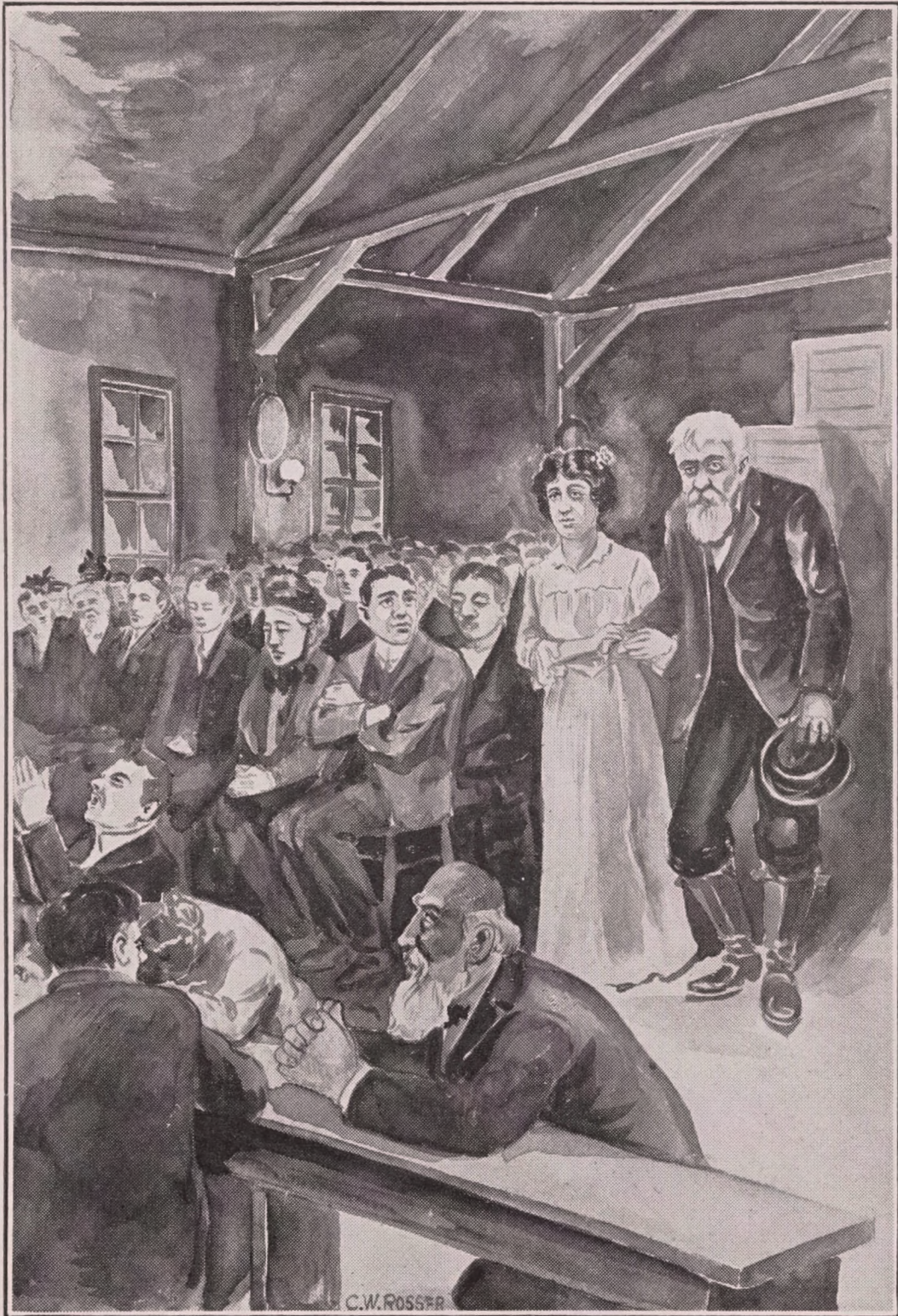
We dare say that this blindness—the blindness of outer darkness—has come upon the church as it closed its eyes to the greatest miracle ever wrought by the almighty power of God; a miracle so great that beside which the walking upon a rolling sea is a trivial thing, and the giving of sight to one born blind scarce worthy of mention; this miracle, the compassing of which was placed in the hands of the church

—the miracle of a sinner changed in the twinkling of an eye into a child of God.

That a life debauched, degraded, defiled and demoralized by sin, until it has well-nigh lost its semblance to humanity, can, in a moment, be so radically changed as to be fitly described by no other term than a new birth, no one can call less than the greatest of miracles. Scoffers and the blind can but deny the change.

In that church at whose altars the drunkard is transformed into a sober citizen; the thief to a man whose honesty is to be trusted in the test; the liar to one whose word is yea and nay; the profane blasphemer to a singer of the praises of God; the proud self-lover to a humble servant of poverty and sorrow; the harlot of the street to the white-souled saint in the home—I say in that church where this miracle is being wrought, there is no blasting at the Rock of Ages, no doubting of the most patent facts of human experience, no turning away from the living God to believe a lie and be forever damned.

The miracle of Jesus Christ was wrought again in that old hall. The blasphemer, the drunkard, the gambler, Old Man Mason, stretched out a timid, trembling hand in his darkness, and it touched the hem of the garment of the Crucified. The dead man was made alive. The old became new. Shackles of years fell from the bound soul. The insanity of sin was healed, and he was clothed in his right mind. With the tears still coursing down the scarred old cheeks, the



She made her way to the town terror, the vile drunkard and blasphemer, and urged him to seek Christ. [Page 110]

stamp of heaven was put upon the upturned face—it glowed; the horror of the ugliness of evil gave place to the beauty of the peace of God. Old Man Mason was saved.

Out in the street one running by gave the cry of “fire,” but few heard and none heeded. Others at the altar were getting victory, and it seemed that half the audience were crying and shouting and praising God. Old Man Mason had his arms about Wainwright, who had been kneeling at his side, and was beating him in the back in the boisterousness of overflowing joy. Nellie was standing near quietly crying, but with the happiness of the skies shining from her countenance. The hour was late, and Caleb, placing his wife in the care of faithful old Uncle Zeke to see safely home, returned to the aid of those who still needed help at the altar.

CHAPTER XII

THE STORM IN THE HILLS

The workers were again upon their knees at the long altar, for the freshly anointed eyes of Old Man Mason had caught sight of Dan House in the back of the room, and to this former companion of his drinking and gambling bouts, he had crowded his way. Dan had tried to escape to the door, as he saw his old partner in sin coming toward him, but white-faced and trembling still, through the miracle he had witnessed, he was slow to move, and in a moment the old man had him by his ice-cold hands literally compelling him to go forward to the mourner's bench. Here Dan had found his voice, and was adding a broken petition to Old Man Mason's cries for God to "do for this poor man what You've done for me."

The first cry of "fire" coming in on the night breeze through the open windows, if heard at all by the people in the old hall, was not taken seriously, nor heeded, as too many times had disturbances been raised in the streets to divert attention from the work of the meeting inside. But again came the cry, "Fire, fire!" and a red glare lit up the cloud-covered sky. The seekers of curiosity near the door rushed out shouting, but the body of the congregation, rising from their

knees, were quietly dismissed with a benediction by the leader, and passed out without disorder.

"It's Rube Dorman's big store," called one to another as they ran.

"Seem's like it's a right smart piece beyond," was the response. "You can see the outline of the store—it's the printing office!"

For a moment Caleb's heart stood still. Had the threats of the saloon men at last been made good? Or, could it be that Dorman's bitterness would take that form of injuring his son-in-law? No. The latter thought Caleb put away as soon as it came. Rube Dorman might scheme to take a man's property from him, but never would he destroy property. Besides, the fire was close enough to be a serious menace to the big store itself. But the saloon men—no; he remembered that he had noticed both Bud Slavin and Satterwhite standing within the door, at the meeting, when the alarm was given.

Crockett City's fire department consisted of volunteers carrying each his own bucket, with a relay of strong-armed men at the deep-well pump, and, hurry as they might, and work as faithfully as they could, it was only through the slight veering of the strong wind which had risen that the big store was saved from the blaze of the doomed printing office.

Caleb reached his building before its walls had fallen, and in striving to get to a window in the rear, had caught one foot in something as he ran, and, stumbled, almost falling. Without thought or reason, he

had picked the thing up and carried it along in his hand. Now, as he stood gazing down at the glowing embers, and the twisted steel of his office machinery, his glance fell upon that which his hand carried—a hat, such as cowboys use—an old, broad-brim, white hat, encircled by a band of ornamented leather.

Like a flash came recognition—it was the hat of Colonel Porterfield. How came it there? Where was the Colonel? Quietly he put the hat beneath his coat—it might be able to tell the story his stunned mind was striving to know.

As he slowly turned his steps homeward, the storm, which had been threatening since sundown, broke.

Did the reader ever witness a tempest in the hills? Nowhere else, save where the Ruler of the sea builds mountains of the plastic deep, is there a sight, a sound, an experience so glorious, so majestic, so awful, so swelling with nature's contempt of man with his puny works, as is seen in a storm in the hills. Here, when the valley-dweller lifts his eyes heavenward, he beholds cloud wreaths wrapping the summits, while zig-zag flashes play from peak to peak, spelling their wireless warning to earth. Here, when the storm swings low, and the heavens utter their mighty voice, each pinnacle, crag, and precipice seems to raise its head, and, adding awful note to note, joins in the majestic chorus, which the echoes, roused from sloping hill-sides and hidden glens, hasten to carry to the startled valley below. Here, the wind complaining in the tree-tops, rises at length to crash and roar, and, as upon

the black wings of chaos, swoop through pass and gulch to beat down, to grind and tear, to pluck up and bear away. Here the rain, gently falling upon the leaves, springs into lively tattoo—impatient drummer calling an host to arms; then, blending into one with earth and air and sky, leaps down the hillsides in ranks of all-enveloping billows to meet in the rocky channel of the trickling streamlet as a rushing wall bearing havoc upon its bosom.

Fortunately for Caleb Wainwright there were no ravines for him to cross that night, for, though tossed and beaten by the elements, the storm within his own soul so possessed him that he made his way as one who walks in a dream. But like the sleep-walker, he walked true, and at the end of a seeming eternity of buffeting and drowning, a white-faced wife opened to him the door of his home.

There was no sleep in the little cottage on the hillside during the hours that remained of that stormy night, but a pouring out of heart to heart by husband and wife; of courage given and hope revived; of tarrying before the Lord until the return of the vision.

“I was desperate, Nellie,” said Caleb, “as I looked down into the ruins at the fire. It seemed as though all I had seen of hope for this people and country, all of the toil and struggle of these years to lift them from ignorance and poverty and evil ways, lay there in ashes. I have convinced the outside world of the splendid possibilities that lie waiting development in this hill country, and many of our own people have

already started upon the road to prosperity; I have transformed the town from its squalor to a beginning, at least, of self-respect; I have induced new industries and business houses to come here; I had awakened many of the parents from their lethargy and indifference to education, and our school was becoming a blessing to the children. Now, what is my reward? Our pastor has turned against us, the school is closed, Father Dorman has persuaded and frightened the other merchants, who really owe to me their business success, to withdraw their support from the paper, and now, tonight, a heap of blackened embers and twisted iron is the last word of this people to me. Wife, I fear that I had murder in my heart tonight; I hated with a bitter hatred."

"Caleb," said Nellie, "do you not recall Another whose hands were pierced as they were extended to bless, and whose side was riven as He hung helpless? Was there hatred in His heart then, or cursing? or, can you say that His life had failed?"

"No, no, Nellie!" responded Caleb, "anything but that. I failed, but not He."

"Neither will you fail, my husband," assured the wife. "Nor have you failed. The awakening you have brought and the good you have wrought, will remain, and will grow. The vision is not lost—only obscured for a little while by the mists which will roll away. And can you even now regret the help you have given to get the meeting up at the hall, though our pastor is displeased? Is not the salvation of Old Man Mason

and Dan House, to say nothing of the others, reward enough for every slight and every distress you have suffered?"

"Yes, Nellie, yes," responded Caleb. "I know that I am a Christian, yet how is it I fail to retain in my heart, in times of stress, the spirit of Christ? Tonight, as I staggered home, it seemed as though the devil himself was within me. God help me."

"He will, Caleb, He will. We have our little fruit farm coming into bearing, and that will supply all our needs. We can wait upon God's direction for the next step forward."

As the day broke, and the sun arose, the mists parting let in the shining glory as of a new creation to fall upon the hills.

The little family were sitting down to their late breakfast, when the outer door opened upon them, and Hetty Porterfield, a most forlorn figure, stood within. Her hair was hanging loose from her bared head; her skirts wet and muddy to the waist.

"I waded the branch," she explained in answer to their wondering glance. "The water's gone down a heap, but it's high yet. But, oh, Brother Wainwright, where's daddy? I cain't find him. I been waiting for him all night, and the wind shook the house so. I reckoned he might stop with some of you-all after meeting, the storm came up so quick and so hard. I have been over to Bud's house, and Bud says daddy went home before the storm—but he never. And—and—I'm afeared," the girl sobbed out.

"Now, Hetty," kindly spoke Caleb, "Nellie here will get you some dry clothing, and after a bit some warm breakfast, and I'll see about your daddy. Don't you be afraid any more." But as he remembered the hat he had found at the burning building, his own heart feared.

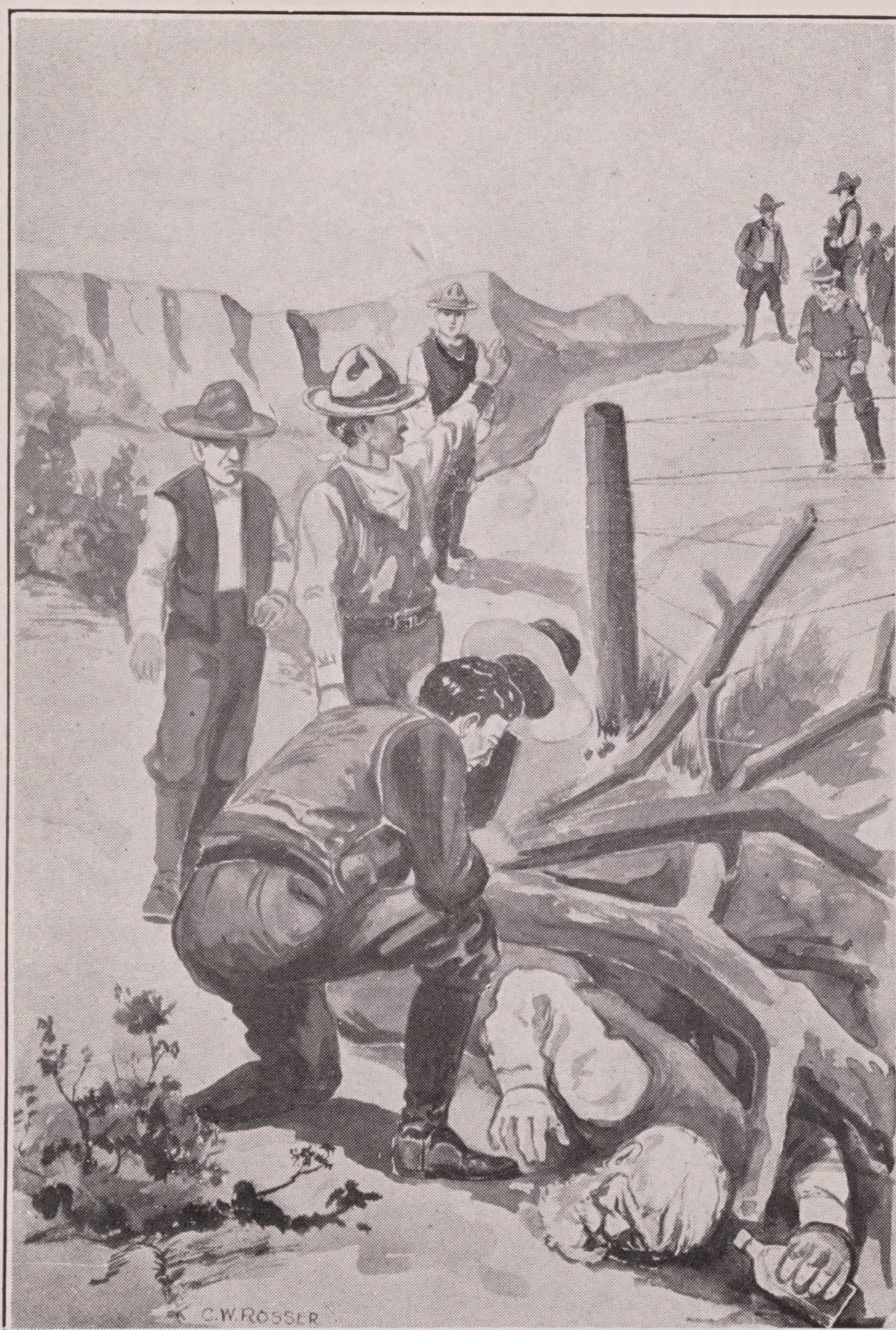
Caleb made his way over the wreck of the storm to the little town, where a knot of men in front of the saloon were exchanging experiences of the night, and speculating upon the fire, and reported disappearance of Colonel Porterfield. As he approached the group a silence fell upon them, and Caleb felt a peculiar sensation as if they shrank from him.

He accosted the saloon keeper: "Bud, this is a time for the truth, and I want it from you." Slavin stiffened and drew himself back. There were some questions he had expected from Caleb, to which he was not ready to give an answer. But it was not his own loss that was filling the mind of Wainwright at that time; it was the grief of the pathetic figure in his home, calling for her daddy.

"Was Colonel Porterfield sober when he started for home last night?"

The relief of the saloon keeper was almost audible. "Sure! Yes. Didn't you holy folks convert him over at the hall, and get him to quit the 'poison stuff'?"

"Well," responded Caleb, "his little girl is down at my house, crying out her heart, and I'm going to find him. He may have been hurt in the storm by some flying limb."



One hand with the clutch of death held fast to a half-emptied
whisky flask. [Page 122]

Three or four of the men offered to go with him. A mile from town they came to where a narrow lane branched from the main road, dropping down through the forest of red-oak, pecan, and bitter hickory, to the cottonwood trees lining the banks of Big Sandy.

"If the Colonel was sober, he would keep to the big road at night," spoke up one of the men. "If he had been drinking, his pinto might be likely to take its own way down across lots."

"We'll try the lane first," decided Caleb, remembering the broadbrim hat.

All traces of travel had been obliterated by the storm, and in several places the track was washed into deep gullies which made passage difficult for even the horsemen in the narrow lane. Both sides of the road were closely inspected, and where great limbs, twisted from trees, had been flung across the track, the wreckage would be lifted and cleared away—but no sign was there found of the missing man.

Big Sandy, now a quiet, knee-deep stream, whose banks, however, were strewn to a height of twenty feet with drift, was crossed, and the searchers rode on to the little cabin in the field beyond. Nothing there rewarded their search. The men were for going back to the town by the easier route of the big road, but Caleb was not satisfied to abandon the search. Something seemed to tell him that the pinto had had its way in the storm. As they again approached the stream, a great stack of driftwood against a wire fence which crossed the creek some rods below, held the at-

tention of Caleb, and he said, "Men, I'm going to dig into that pile down there against the fence."

There their search ended. With threadbare coat twisted fast in the wires, fouled with the muck of the flood, a white face stared out with piteous, frightened open eyes at things beyond the ken of mortals. One hand, with the clutch of death, held fast to a half-emptied whiskey flask.

The liquor demon had scored again. Almost from the very altar of God had the servants of the foul fiend enticed the old man in his weakness to his eternal undoing.

Alas! for the human driftwood cast up by the storm of sin upon the shores of eternity.

Malcomb Porterfield was born in a home of wealth, back in the old state. The advantages of refinement and culture were his, yet, lacking the parental restraints which go to develop true character, he grew up to have his own way, and from his youth gave free rein to his appetites and passions. At twenty-three years of age he was a dashing cavalry officer; retiring from the service at thirty a confirmed drunkard. Thirty years later found his broken-hearted wife in her grave, his only child and daughter despoiled of all that woman holds sacred, and himself a broken creature without character or will, a fawning beggar for the favors of the saloon, and now, a part of the foul dirt cast up by the storm.

What a reckoning shall come some day for those who trend young lives away from God, or who, refus-

ing the responsibilities of parenthood, turn their children over to the tender mercies of Satan.

The how of the fire at the printing office was settled in the mind of Caleb Wainwright, but why the Colonel, whom he had befriended, and who once before had risked his life to befriend Caleb? Whose was the will that had moved the trembling hand and clouded brain of this dead man, as he entered his last account in the Books above?

CHAPTER XIII

THE STRONGHOLD OF THE ANAKIMS

In the days of the early spring, when Caleb Wainwright was away from Crockett City much of the time, preparing for his final contest with the liquor forces before the county court, some things of importance occurred. The meeting which had run for nearly three months, closed, with the departure of the Kentucky preacher. His advice had been for those who had entered into the experience of holiness to stand true to God in their respective churches, and to humbly, but clearly and boldly, testify to what He had done for them, on all suitable occasions.

This they essayed to do, but it soon became evident that they were not to be allowed to testify in their own churches. While it was undoubtedly true that the very best, most spiritual of the membership of the three churches were among those who now professed the "second blessing," in each church the line was sharply drawn on the testimony and experience of holiness. In two of the churches the opportunity was given to recant before expulsion, or withdrawal of fellowship, but Pastor Kirkland, with the knowledge of his failure at the hall and the coming of conference before him, took the radical but effective step of stamp-

ing out the "heresy" in his church by crossing off from the list of his membership thirty-two names—and Caleb and Nellie Wainwright were of that number.

The other churches followed more closely the forms of their law, and then, all who admitted a belief in the doctrine, found themselves without a church home.

Necessity—no! the hand of God preserving His witnesses for a holy seed in the earth—forced the opening again of the old warehouse-hall. There services were held three nights in the week, the times chosen to not conflict with the hours of service in the other churches—so careful were these excommunicated ones to not give true cause of offense to the recognized ecclesiastical authorities. Salvation work continued; the Lord calling young men from between plowhandles and young women from the kitchen to proclaim the fullness of His salvation.

The county court had found, upon counting the signatures, that the petition lacked some twenty names of the required number (the sheet containing the hundred and more names was afterwards found where the county clerk had hidden it), and the prohibition election was refused.

With youth and health and love one may not give up in despair. While the heart of Caleb Wainwright occasionally flared up in hot resentment against the saloon, against Dorman, against Elder Kirkland, against the business men of Crockett City who had failed to deal justly with him, these dark days were few. The mockers and red-birds sang in the trees;

the twenty-acre orchard was a mass of pink and white. The danger from late frosts having passed, the young trees would needs be prevented from bearing a too abundant harvest of the red and gold fruit. In the meantime, the land would bring forth a succession of vegetable crops for the cannery.

Caleb sang as he worked, and when Nellie and the youngster came down, as they often did, to "help papa and Unc' Zeke," it was as though Time had swung back to the days of the Garden, when all the world was new and clean; when Love was the universal law.

Into this Eden there came riding one afternoon, a Sheriff's officer from the county seat, who handed to Caleb a folded document. Wainwright stopped to pass a joking remark to the messenger, before he opened the paper, but the man did not smile in return, and seemed ill at ease. Caleb looked at the title on the outside: "Dorman *vs.* Wainwright," and, as one in a dream, he read and reread the contents. At last it came to him that his father-in-law had entered suit to dispossess him of his orchard, his farm, his home, upon the ground that he had failed to pay either interest or deferred payments of principal.

A horse was quickly saddled, and word being left with Nellie that he was called away on business, and might not be back until the following day, Caleb made a fast and furious ride to the county seat.

Judge Worley, the best lawyer of the hill country, looked over the paper, and asked Caleb about the payments he had made. "You say that you have paid

Dorman the two payments and the interest semi-annually?"

"Yes, sir," answered Caleb stoutly. "That is—" he began, and his face suddenly grew red and then went white, "that is, I took the money to him each time, and he would always push it back to me and tell me to get something for Nellie, or to give it to my wife."

"Did he give you a receipt?"

"Why, no. He was my wife's father; it would have seemed like an insult to his kindness to have asked for one. In fact, it did not occur to me."

"Hm. Business among kin is generally bad business," growled the old lawyer. "Was there anyone else present besides yourself and Dorman at the time of these various payments?"

"I really don't recall," responded Caleb. "Mother Dorman was about the house, but whether she was taking notice of what was said and done, I can't tell."

The old lawyer was silent for a time, then he glanced up keenly from under his bushy brows, saying, "Wainwright, I believe your story, as strange as it will seem when told in court, but my advice is that we try for a compromise with Dorman. I tell you frankly, if he is bent on going through with this suit, he'll probably get your place. Of course, I'll represent you, and we can delay matters for a while."

The ride back home was through deep darkness to Caleb, and yet he had but entered the garden of his Gethsemane.

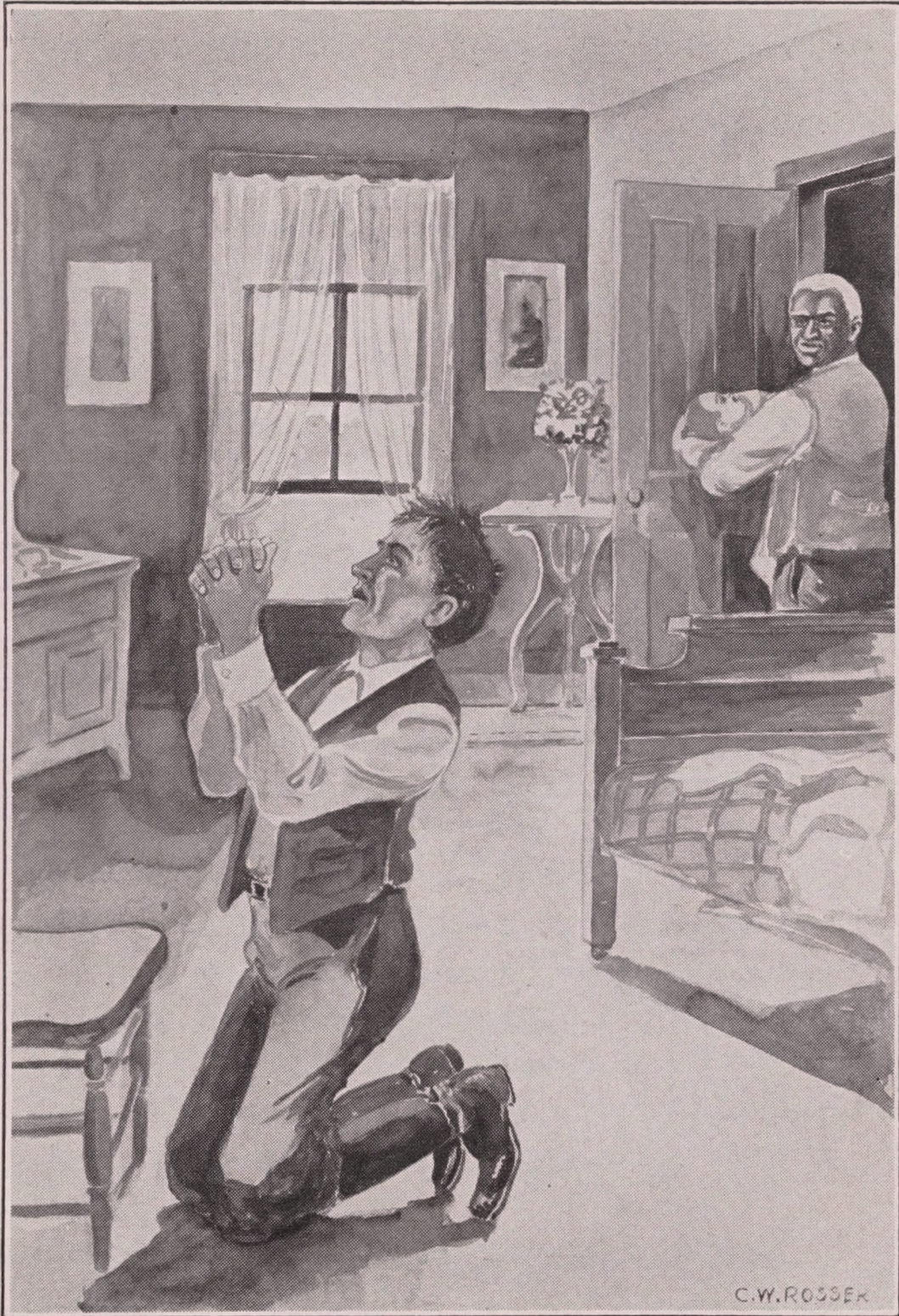
Through the hill country there passes, each spring

and fall, a straggling procession of cloth-covered wagons; jaded, half-starved horses; jaded, half-starved women; slouching, shambling men with drooping hat-brims; mean looking dogs, slinking beneath the wagons or darting out in sudden foray upon a wayside rabbit; children without number, ragged and dirty, yet in whom the divine spark of courage and hope yet glowed. It was a procession going, it scarcely knew where—anywhere to escape the misery of present existence; anywhere to get rid of something which, if they could have but realized it, is hidden within the human heart itself.

Out from this procession there dropped, one day at dusk, a most forlorn outfit. The “old woman was right po’ly,” the man said, as he came up into town for a little liquor. Having no money, the liquor was refused, but Slavin went back with the man to the squalid camp to see if there was any of their possessions which might be converted into cash.

What the saloon keeper beheld put a fear upon him that he had not known in many a day. The poor woman lay moaning, unconscious, and upon her pain-convulsed features appeared the brown splotches which proclaimed the dreaded dengue, “spotted fever,” or, as it is known in these days, *cerebro-spinal meningitis*.

Among the citizens of the town who, in the pity of Christ came to minister to the dying woman and care for the children, was Mrs. Dorman. She it was who prepared the poor body for the grave, robed in a dress finer than it had ever dreamed of in life. It was she



“Bress de Lord! Reckon Mars Calip settle hit dis time fo’ sho’!”
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who found homes for the children. Then it was on the second morning after the burial she failed to arise early to prepare the morning meal, as was her wont, and a messenger was despatched in haste for Nellie Wainwright.

When Caleb reached home after midnight, he found Uncle Zeke taking care of the baby, and he received Nellie's message. How he needed now the comfort, the *strength* he had so often received from his wife—but he was alone! The thought, the word, seemed to chill his heart as he passed into Nellie's room. *Alone*—yes, but *with God*!

Human friendships and companionships are precious; the divine Son of Man Himself prized them. The Father intended that through love and sympathy we should bear one another's burdens. This is true; yet there come times when the human arm, though extended in blessing, is too short; times when the dearest of earthly relations are inadequate; crises in our lives when we must be alone with God.

To Caleb, as he threw himself at the side of his bed, it seemed as though the solid earth had dropped away from his feet, and the day of final judgment had come; that he had been ushered into the all-revealing light of the eternal throne, and the Voice had bidden him behold his secret, inmost being; to see himself as God sees.

“Were you not a sinner and worthy of death?”

“Yes, Lord.”

“When you cried for pardon did I not, for the

sake of the shed blood of Jesus, forgive you fully, freely?"

"Yes, Lord."

"Do you still desire the forgiveness of your sins?"

"Oh, yes, Lord; without, I am undone."

"Look into your heart; what do you see?"

"Revenge—hatred of Dorman who has robbed me; hatred of Slavin who has injured me and those I love."

"If ye forgive not men their trespasses, neither will your Father forgive your trespasses."

"But they became my enemies because I was true to Thee."

"Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you."

"My God, I am unable. Make me able."

"Look again into that heart. When the fame of your work for the hill country spread abroad, what stirred to life, full-grown there?"

And the man truthfully (for in that Presence every one will confess the truth), answered, "Pride."

"Pride lost heaven to Lucifer. Could I let it into heaven again?"

"Look again. Your purpose in the beginning to deliver the people from the liquor curse was holy; what now is the dominating motive of your fight?"

"Self-will."

"As you recognized your place of growing importance in the hill country, what entered your heart as a welcome guest?"

Again the man answered in truth, "Ambition."

"As you look toward the future, your office destroyed and your home gone, what face do you see?"

"The face of fear."

"It was the face that Peter saw when he took his eyes from My face. Perfect love casts out fear."

Not in these words, but after this fashion was it that God dealt with Caleb Wainwright, as He uncovered the heart of His child who was stretched out before Him.

At last to this man was there discovered the citadel of the Anakims, the stronghold where crouched in wait the giants Ambition and Pride and Self-will and Hatred. In this hour they must be slain by his hand, or he himself forfeit life eternal.

The babe upon the bed stirred, and began to cry for attention, yet the father, who would have willingly given his life for the child, heeded not. The old negro crept to the door, peered in, and softly gathering the babe in his arms passed out murmuring to himself, "Bress de Lawd! Reckon Mars Calip settle hit dis time fo' sho'."

As Caleb lay there on his face, the way stretched out before him. He saw the end of his ambitious dreams—dreams just about to turn into realities—of occupying a place of high honor among his fellows. He saw the hands of others lay hold upon the direction of forces he had set in motion for the uplift of the hill country, and gather to themselves the rewards, while to him there remained the ashes of a rejected and forgotten name. He saw the sundering of friendships,

and the falling away from him of those who had gathered to help him in the fight against the saloon; his influence not only come to naught for helpfulness, but rather a hindrance to the cause he had espoused.

He saw his home pass into other hands and Nellie and the babe go forth even as beggars. He saw fame and fortune and success giving way to obloquy, poverty, and failure.

His soul stood alone, stripped, naked.

Then the vanishing procession seemed to halt, turning once again toward him as if waiting, while nearby came One like unto the Son of God, and with the words He had spoken unto Peter, again addressed Caleb. "Lovest thou me more than these?"

So this was it; this was consecration; this, the choice between all his life had held dear—and God.

Again the Voice seemed to penetrate his being: "Whosoever will save his life shall lose it: but whosoever will lose his life for my sake, the same shall save it. Did I not become of no reputation for your sake? Was I not despised and rejected of men? Did I not offer myself a willing sacrifice to be slain without the camp? Would you refuse to take your place by my side?"

"What would these you see passing from your life profit you without me? Am I not able, am I not willing to take care of my own cause which you had at heart?"

"Have I not loved you, and can you not trust me with your life? Can you not place your work, your

wife and child, your home in my hands, and *leave them there?*

"Has pride brought you joy? Has your self-will borne satisfaction? Can you in revenge against Dorman and Slavin find peace? The way which you had planned for your life I have allowed to be closed; will you not let me take your hand and lead you into my way for you?

"You have prayed for deliverance when anger has stirred in your heart and tripped you up; are you willing that I should have full possession of you to cleanse your heart? You have said that you longed to be a Bible Christian; are you willing that I should come into your being and live my life of sacrifice and service out through you? that perfect love should be the motive behind every act?

"I have caused to come before you the testimony of your friend George Farris and a score of others—you are convinced that there remaineth a *rest* for the people of God; will you enter in?

"Behold, you stand stripped before me—the departing procession halts, awaiting your choice—I hold out my arms!"

As the flash of lightning suddenly opens vision in the midst of darkness, there came to Caleb an incident of his campaign in the country. He was a guest of a young man and his wife whose bright two-year-old boy quickly captured his interest. Caleb and the father had been talking about trust and faith, and the young man said, "I'll show you what it is." Calling

his baby boy to him, he placed him upon the table, and stepping back a couple of paces, he said, "Now son, jump, and daddy will catch you."

The little chap never paused to look down, never hesitated, but with a happy little cry launched himself out into space—to be enfolded in his father's arms.

As the scene again came before Caleb, he gave a deep breath, and as he arose, exclaiming, "Father, I trust you! I come"—he seemed to consciously let go of all things—when lo! beneath him were the Everlasting Arms.

The first conscious sensation of the man was that of a *living* quietness; a peace that had in it the profundity of the infinite. Then there was a sense of *cleanness* as though his very soul had been washed. He felt that he could stand at the bar of God and challenge the angels to look through and through him. Then, as the light of the new day began to stream through the window, waves of glory broke over his soul. He shouted, he leaped, he wept, he hugged old Uncle Zeke in the fulness of his ecstasy.

Now, like Abraham, he could go out not knowing whither, for the Spirit of the living God had come in and taken up His abode in the cleansed citadel of the Anakims.

CHAPTER XIV

PERFECT LOVE

"I know what am de mattah wid yo', Mars Calip," said the grinning old darkey, as he was released. "Yo' jist got de ol' time 'ligion. I knows dat kin'. Hm! Yass'r. Don' see much ob hit now days, 'scusin' what dey all hab up at de ol' wa'house. Ol' Miss 'Ginnie—dat Miss Nellie 's grandma—she call hit Pawfick Love. Miss Nellie favor Ol' Miss, pow'ful; she sho' do."

"That's it; Uncle Zeke, that expresses it exactly. Perfect love. It seems like I *love everybody on earth* this morning," said Caleb.

Before that day should close he would have that perfected love put to its testing.

Reluctantly yielding to the old negro's insistence that he should "git down onto de baid an' tek er couple er winks, whiles I looks arter li'l Mars Do'man, an' reds up de house," Caleb dropped at once into a profound sleep which lasted well into the morning. He had just finished the hot rolls, poached eggs and bacon, that the faithful black hands had prepared, when Hettie Porterfield was seen approaching the house. Caleb's cheery welcome was met with a sober "howdy" from the girl, who at once stated her errand.

"Mister Caleb, Mister Bud Slavin, where I've been staying, is mighty bad sick. He was struck dead [meaning lost consciousness] yesterday evening just after dinner, and he's been right wild since. Everybody's skeered now of the spotted fever, and Miss Dolie needs help and cain't find none. I know how you-all help folks, so I thought I'd come and see if you wouldn't get some one."

Receiving his promise to get nurses, the girl returned, and Caleb started for Crockett City, bearing with him a letter to Lawyer Worley which stated that he had decided to not oppose Dorman's suit against him, but surrender his home without contest.

Hetty's report of the fright of the people over the scourge which was then coming upon the community, had not been overstated, as Caleb found when he came to the town. Beginning with the death of the poor camper's wife, the fatal fever spread. Business finally came to a standstill; the railway trains passed on through the town without stopping, or at best, just slowing up to toss off needed supplies; not taking on any passengers. The fresh-made mounds in the hill-side graveyard multiplied, and in few of the homes was there not mourning for some departed occupant, or near kin, or some dear friend.

Usually the course of the disease was short: The premonitory chill; the fever, with pains in the back and neck; then the fearful contortions of agony as the spine twisted and bent, drawing the head of the victim backward until sometimes the body would be

curved almost into a bow. Mercifully, unconsciousness usually came with the fever, but the writhing of the suffering body was torture itself to the watchers unable to afford relief. Few were there who recovered from the attack, and among those who escaped death some were left to go through life crippled in body or mind, or both.

As Caleb essayed to secure help for the stricken saloon keeper, he was met with one excuse and another, but all answered with a face of fear. Finally, one had the boldness to say, "Why don't you go? Afraid yourself?"

Why not, indeed? True, Slavin had been his bitter enemy, but the Master had said, "Love your enemy." In a flash there came to him a revelation of his own cleansed heart; where there had been revenge, there was now love—perfect love—for the man who had wronged him and despoiled the people. Turning upon his heel, Caleb made his way to Slavin's. Nellie was needed by her sick mother, but Uncle Zeke could be trusted to take perfect care of the babe. He would, with his own hand, take the "cup of cold water" to his old-time enemy.

Mrs. Slavin was among those reached by the meetings in the old hall, and had given herself to Christ, so that she was not greatly surprised to see Caleb as he came to proffer his help. "I did not send Hettie to have you come, Brother Wainwright," she said, "I could not, after all the wrong that has been done you, but I knew that you were a Christian, and if you

could, would get us help. None of Bud's friends would come when I sent to them, and it is so terrible to see him suffer so--and to know that he is not ready to meet God." The poor woman broke down weeping.

It was well that Caleb had been persuaded by the old negro to take his hour of rest that morning, for the day and the night passed, and the second day came to its close, yet he could not leave the groaning, writhing form upon the bed. Then, with a staring look in the unseeing eyes, and black lips drawn back from the bared teeth the body of the sufferer was gripped in a fearful convulsion, the soul of Bud Slavin seemed to be wrenched free, and was gone into the presence of his Maker.

Released from his vigil, Caleb slipped away from the house and made arrangements for the burial of the body that night, as was necessary. Then staggering out to the home that was soon to be his no more, he fell into a stupor-like sleep. Three times during the following long hours the old negro came, and arousing the sleeper, though not to full consciousness, forced him to drink a bowl of hot broth. Then, as the shades of the second night were falling, his senses cleared, and he sat up wide awake. In another room a soft voice was heard sobbing, "Baby, baby! Mother's precious boy."

Caleb sprang up, and in a moment mother and babe were clasped in the man's strong arms. It was Nellie who first spoke, looking up through her tears: "I have heard all, my husband, and I praise God that I am

your wife. But Caleb, now—now—I am—Mother's gone, and I'm afraid Father's taking down—and I am alone. I have come for you—he does not know—will you go?"

"My precious wife, where your place is, is my place too. The night you left home to nurse Mother Dorman, God took all the old hatred, all the revenge, all the bitterness out of my heart, and filled it with perfect love. Let us go to the poor, stricken man and help him all we can."

So they went out to give, possibly, their lives to relieve the suffering of the one who had put forth his hand to rob them of all their earthly possessions.

They found Rube Dorman delirious, crying at one time, "It's dark, so dark! dark—dark!" and again, "I'm burning up inside! Get me ice!" It was with much difficulty that Caleb was able to secure a bit of ice, for even the necessary food for the people was becoming scarce, but a small supply was found. This, broken in pieces and put to the lips of the sick man, he would eagerly seize upon, and crunching it with his teeth would cry, "More, more! Give me more!"

Day slipped into night, and long nights succeeded days which seemed an eternity for the two watchers who battled for the life of the stricken man. And he lived.

The scourge passed; business was again resumed in Crockett City, and the world went on; for the world stops not for bleeding hearts and cold hearthstones. Rube Dorman lived; but could he have known himself

as he came back, he would have scorned the life which stretched out before him, and have taken as his choice a place in the grave by the side of Bud Slavin. Instead of the broad-shouldered, aggressive man of affairs, crowding aside all who came in between him and his ambition for wealth, the people of Crockett City saw, at first, a twisted, staring form huddled down in a big wheel chair, attended by an old negro. Later, as physical strength returned, the sunny days would see the shadow of Rube Dorman seated upon the banks of Big Sandy, with a stick for pole, string for line, and bent pin for hook, idly fishing. Occasionally the pole would be lifted, and a thin, querulous voice call out, "Unc' Zeke, come here and fix my hook. These little shiners have nibbled the bait all off." Then the old negro would chuckle, "Sho' nuff dey is, Mars Rubin," as he transfixed another worm with the pin, "Reckin yo' fergit ter spit on de bait dat time." Rube Dorman had gone back to travel the balance of his earthly journey in the days of his boyhood, and the old negro whom he had turned from his door, had resumed his place as guardian angel.

Caleb and Nellie Wainwright found a home with Old Man Mason. Before Dorman was up from his bed there had come to Crockett City an officer of the law, who took charge, in the name of a receiver, of all property that stood in the merchant's name. It was shown that his deals in cotton futures, while generally fortunate, had been disastrous at the beginning of his sickness. While he might have saved himself, had he

retained health and mind, the crash that came was a complete wreckage of the life work of the man. The mortgage and unreceipted notes of Caleb, carried his home into the assets of the receiver. Even the homestead of Dorman, exempted by law from debts, was found to have against it a trust deed, with the signature of Mother Dorman, probably forged. Everything was swept away that had been the life of the big merchant—all except a shambling body that fished on the banks of Big Sandy with an old negro.

When the truth became known, Old Man Mason had come to Wainwright with the proposal that they all move down to his farm, and the arguments presented made the acceptance by Caleb wholly a favor to Mason. "I am an old man," said he, "without kith or kin. I can not tell when the Master will send for me; but I feel that the time is not far away. I'll want some one with me then; but more, I need some one to show me how to live right the rest of my time. Miss Nellie, if you cared enough to come to an old, drunken reprobate gambler and blasphemer, and take him by the hand and lead him to Christ, it seems like you could care enough to help him on the short piece he has yet to travel on the way."

To those of the wider world who had expected from Caleb Wainwright a work and a name which should be written down in the book called Fame, it appeared that the man had confessed himself a failure at every point. But the strange way of the allwise God is to bring to naught that which is, that He may use the

nothing of man to the overthrow of the mightiest forces of evil, to His own glory. It was thus with Moses, as he fled before the face of Pharaoh, and hid himself in the desert; it was thus with Saul on the road to Damascus; it was thus with Lincoln, defeated by Douglass for the Senate; and it was thus with Caleb Wainwright that God was dealing. He would strip him of all his own strength and power, that he might know and rely upon the omnipotence of God Himself.

Happiness again came to the little family. Caleb's days were filled with toil in the large market garden which had been planted in the early spring, and which was now in full harvest. The time of the long summer drouth was approaching, and as Caleb pondered, the thought came to him that if only some way could be found to get water to the land, there would be time enough for a second crop—perhaps of the Bermuda onions, then beginning to be demanded by the markets.

Talking over the matter with Old Man Mason, the latter sat for a time meditating, and then exclaimed, "Caleb, I've an idea. Come along, and I'll show it to you."

Across the farm they went until they came to the great gash in the bluff where the old still had been. The canyon, as we know, was narrow at the mouth and for several rods back, but beyond it widened out into a hill-enclosed valley, deep, and of an hundred or more acres in extent.

"What do you think of that for a storage lake for

storm water, son?" asked the old man. "The stone is already on the ground to fill in that gap back far enough and high enough to hold a hundred-foot head of water—enough to irrigate a whole valley of Bermuda onions."

The feasibility of the scheme at once struck Caleb with force—in that hill basin and others like it, lay possibilities of untold wealth to the lower-lying lands. Two things, however, stood in the way of their use of this basin back of the canyon: the mouth of the canyon was upon the land owned by Bud Slavin, and the estate of Slavin would also take in the farm of Mason, after a few more payments upon the contract so evilly entered into between the saloon keeper and the drunken gambler.

The obstacles were in the minds of both men as they stood for a few moments in silence; then Mason spoke up: "I reckon all this will go to Dollie Slavin and her little girls some day, but she might be willing for us to make use of it for the time it belongs to us, and let us show other folks how to do it for themselves. I'll go see her about it."

"Mister Mason," said the little widow, as the old man stated the nature of his errand, "I have been wishing for a talk with you for some time. I have had a great burden upon my heart ever since Bud died, and I think that you of all men will be able to help me to make it lighter. I don't know—I never can know, all the evil that has been wrought by the business my husband was in," said the poor woman weeping, "but so far

as I am able, I want to make amends. The saloon is closed, as you know, and will never be opened again. I had a talk with Mister Satterwhite yesterday, and he told me that he would not renew his license, and would close his place. Now I ask as a favor that you and Brother Wainwright go up to the saloon, take all the liquor in the place out into the street, knock in the heads of the barrels, break the bottles, and then set the whole on fire. I can't bear the thought of any more children being robbed, or left fatherless, or of other husbands and fathers going out into darkness without hope because of that fearful stuff.

"Then there is another thing: You know that the old Mallory place was mine before my marriage—came to me from my grandfather—that will be ample to support me and my little girls. I can never touch a dollar of the wealth my husband left me, that came from the suffering of other children and other mothers' tears. I want you to quietly hunt up families that have been hurt by the saloon, and in a wise way, as I know you will, give them my aid. Then, when we have done all we can that way, I want the balance to go to establishing this new work of God in Crockett City.

"As the matter of the agreement between you and Bud concerning your farm; the thing was conceived in evil, and has been carried out so far in wickedness. I refuse to carry it further, and voluntarily break the contract and set you free from its provisions."



A shambling body that fished on the banks of Big Sandy with
an old Negro. [Page 141]

"But, Mrs. Slavin, Bud has already paid me more than a thousand dollars in money on it."

"*But*, dear Mister Mason, my husband's liquor has done you more harm than could be estimated in any number of thousands of dollars. You may have the land at the mouth of the canyon surveyed, with forty acres of the level valley of the ranch below, and I will make a deed of it to Brother Wainwright, as a partial reparation for the harm that has come to him through the liquor business. God bless you, *Father* Mason. I feel that I can be sure of your help in my plans."

The old man had been sitting with open mouth as the significance of all this came over him; what it would mean to him; mean to Caleb; to the poor people of the hill country; and to the cause of holiness; and the first words he could find were.

"Well, ain't God a great God!"

CHAPTER XV

A CITY SET UPON A HILL

That law which causes like to seek like—the attraction of affinities—has obtained ever since the morning stars sang *together*. Harmony is fundamental in strength as well as in beauty; it is a prerequisite of life and development. We say that men agree to come together and unite in an organization for certain purposes. A truer conception is that they find themselves in whatever organization it may be, because the purpose of organization was already in them; they *were* united, and the organization is the natural, necessary expression of that unity.

The most pitiable failure is a mechanical union, even that of effort, which is lacking in unity of heart and spirit.

In the spiritual as well as in the natural realm this law exhibits both a positive and negative force: it not only draws together the like, but severs the unlike. There were these two aspects of the law working at the birth of the Church, in the time of the coming of the Holy Ghost: the hundred and twenty were all together in one place because they were of one accord, but also because there was no other place for them to go. That which had come to their lives as a living

hope, was a force which also severed them from other Jews. The new Church came into existence, not because a small body of men decided to form a new ecclesiasticism, but because they each had become possessed of a principle which, despised and rejected by the world, forced the possessors out from among the world, into a living unity of themselves.

The Master, knowing the futility of union in name without unity of life and purpose, prayed, in the hour of His agony, in the shadow of the cross, that His followers might be made one, even as He and the Father were one, and lest future generations should fail to understand, He stated the process by which that unity must come—through sanctification, holiness, the baptism with the Holy Ghost.

Let me restate this thought: Upon the authority of Jesus Christ, the only basis of Christian unity is through the baptism with the Holy Ghost in entire sanctification, producing holiness.

Nothing was farther from the thought of the worshippers at the old hall in Crockett City, than the starting of a new denomination. The prayer of Jesus for His disciples, and for all who should believe on their words, having been answered in the coming of the "Promise of the Father," each had departed quickly, with joy and gladness, unto his own company, as a bearer of blessing. There was no doubting that their testimony would be received by pastor and church. Astonishment was followed by grief as their love made perfect strove in vain to open blinded eyes and soften

hardened hearts that the reality of the gospel of Jesus in its effective cleansing and empowering baptism might be known.

It was not long, however, before these sanctified people discovered that the new life-principle, the indwelling Holy Spirit whom they had received, had of itself separated them unto themselves, as truly as the hundred and twenty were separated unto themselves in the upper room. At Crockett City they were, as we have seen, excommunicated, expelled, and excluded from fellowship in the churches. At other places, where formal action was not taken, the spiritual cleavage was none the less marked and effective.

The Spirit of Jesus and the spirit of the world can not mix. The carnal mind is enmity against the Holy Ghost. These people found that it is as impossible for men filled with the Holy Spirit to walk in unity and fellowship with a holiness-fighting, Spirit-rejecting church, as for Christ to walk in harmony with Satan. For a holiness man to remain at one with an unsanctified church, one of two things was certain: either the church would receive his testimony and seek his blessing, or else his holiness would be but a meaningless term, and he have no testimony in word and life which would offend the world spirit.

So it was from a divine law working within, and also upon them from without—and that without their intent or the plan of men—that those who had received the cleansing baptism, and become Christians in the Bible sense, at the meetings held by the Kentucky

evangelist, found themselves, leaderless though they were, and without ecclesiastical sanction, a united body of believers—a New Testament church—the *Church at Crockett City*. In them was the prayer of Jesus answered: they were one in the Holy Ghost.

Who is he that dare raise his voice against these one hundred and twenty of the latter days? Who, in the fear of, or in mistaken loyalty to, any ecclesiasticism shall think to nullify a universal law that is calling like to like? shall endeavor to force a union where there is no unity? shall oppose himself to the prayer of Jesus, that those whom His blood should sanctify might be one—even to the extent of the oneness which was with the Father and the Son?

While the natural leaders of the new movement in Crockett City, George Farris and Caleb Wainwright, continued to direct the activities of the new body, yet neither had upon him that divine call which marks the God-chosen preacher. Endeavoring at first, as we have seen, to so arrange their services that they should not conflict with those of the churches, it was not long before the conviction was forced upon them in the development of the work that God had entrusted to these despised outcasts His real work of salvation in the hill country. With this realization came a sense of freedom from the churches—not in any sense an antagonism, but a loosening from the bondage of dependence—to see Jesus only, and to walk with Him as He should lead.

Beginning with the giving of a simple testimony

to the saving grace of God, several young men and girls advanced to proficiency in exhortation, and then, becoming conscious of the call of the Spirit to separate their lives unto Him in service, they began to search the Word, the Spirit Himself leading and illuminating.

Thus, there went forth out over the hill country, to hold meetings in schoolhouses, arbors, tents, or on the streets, a score or more of young preachers of holiness. It is true they went without the laying on of hands by bishop, presbytery, or assembly; it is true that for the greater part they were sadly lacking in the knowledge which comes from books; it is true that their sermons were rudely constructed—but it is also true that they took with them a clear-cut testimony of a definite spiritual experience. They *knew* Jesus, and His power to save from sin. Then, they had that without which all preaching is as chaff thrown against the wind—their words had the unction of the Holy Ghost; winged and barbed, and flying to the mark, they penetrated and stuck.

The whole hill country was covered by these bands, and religion in that region took on a new meaning. Even those preachers and churches that rejected the doctrine and experience of holiness, now raised their standard of Christian living. It was a notable occasion when one of the country churches turned out a husband for drunkenness at Christmas time, on the same day that it expelled the wife for professing the experience of a clean heart. Before the advent of the

preaching of holiness such an offense as that of the husband during the celebration of our Lord's natal day would have scarcely called forth comment, much less rebuke or punishment.

As the entrance of the Word brings light, and light carries responsibility, forcing decisions, it was true that many communities were shaken in the throes of a spiritual earthquake. The prophecy of Jesus of the dividing sword came to pass. A man's foes were those of his own household. Churches were rent in twain; families were divided; friendships of a lifetime were broken. Yet, out from it all arose a truer expression of Christianity, with happier homes, a better citizenship, a higher civilization.

God is a God of order; this His universe proclaims. Not only does He give the law, even the law of holiness, but He provides against a haphazard indefinite administration of law. Although the band at the old hall came together without the plan of man, yet it was inevitable in the plan of God that they should come into an orderly organization, with adequate leadership. In His own time and manner God picks His leaders. Happy is that one and happy the people recognizing His appointments.

Passing through Crockett City from one of his monthly ministrations, John Mansfield, the Cumberland pastor, came into a service at the old hall to "see how the holiness act." Prejudiced though he was by what he had heard of their actions and teaching, yet this Presbyterian preacher was a man with a vital

knowledge of Christ in the forgiveness of his sins, and had no soul-fettering theology to break through. As he saw the freedom and the holy joy in the service, and listened to the testimonies and presentation of the Scriptures, his honest heart recognized and gave assent to the truth, and cried out for the experience and life of the Holy Ghost baptism.

John Mansfield, in the courage of the knowledge of need, went to the despised mourner's bench; John Mansfield, a professed Christian and pastor of a church! There is no death so near to crucifixion as that of a preacher dying out to his church. Thus, as the consciousness of the meaning of his choice came upon him, the preacher stretched his full length upon the floor, in his Gethsemane—a strong man in his death struggle—crying, “Oh, my church! my church, Oh, my church!”

At two o'clock in the morning the workers saw the struggling cease. A light of glory came into the face of the one who had prevailed with God, and henceforth was to be a prince among men. Thus the Lord gave to the holiness band its pastor.

The experience which the Kentucky evangelist proclaimed to the hill country, and which the people in the old hall entered into, was not some fantastic trick of the imagination; not the effect of abnormal emotion. It was the restoration of the human soul to its natural element; a removal of the hindrances of sin, so that the heart could have its normal expression in perfect love. This restoration to the freedom of a life

in Christ Jesus easily found expression through the daily activities of the people.

It is an axiom of the world that the lodge surpasses the church in the matter of practical benevolences; and to a superficial view this may seem to be true. But in Crockett City it was now shown that when the Spirit of Jesus has full control, the church is the natural and efficient agency for the relief of suffering; the only channel through which can flow real love and sympathy. As in the early church, so now in Crockett City, each held himself to be God's steward for the care of his brother. The poor were assisted, the suffering were ministered unto, and the lowest of the outcasts found a hand reached out to help them up.

In perhaps no other way was this restoration of the Spirit of Christ to the church more strikingly shown than in its attitude towards that utterly hopeless class which we call "fallen women." Notwithstanding the prophecies of the wise, and shrugging shoulders of the nice people, the holiness folks bearing to these abandoned creatures a message of hope, proved to a gain-saying world and a doubting church that the blood of Jesus Christ cleanses from ALL sin.

The moral effect of the holiness meetings upon the community was no less marked than it was upon humanitarian lines. A revolution was soon brought about as to the manner of Sabbath observance. From being a day of carousal and rough sports, it became a day in which at least outward respect was shown for its sacredness. Another moral influence of the new

movement came to be admitted as it was found that, to a man, the holiness people were against the liquor traffic. It is a matter of local history that when finally the saloons were driven from the hill country, the leader of the liquor forces cursed the holiness people as the cause of his overthrow.

Not only on humanitarian and moral lines was the force of the new church felt in Crockett City, and in the hill country, but in civil matters also. The cleansing of the heart from sin prepares for good citizenship. As a people they threw their influence for clean towns and communities; for good government; for good streets as well as pleasant home surroundings. They were believers in and supporters of schools with competent teachers. In a word, whatever might be used to help men to live clean, wholesome, full lives, and thus to re-present to the world the ideal for men which God set before them in Jesus Christ, to that the people of the old hall gave all their purpose and activity.

CHAPTER XVI

LIGHT AT THE CROSSING

To Caleb Wainwright there came such a fulness of service as even his active life had never known. Old Man Mason, released from his contract in regard to the farm, and busy as the dispenser of restitution for the wealth left by the saloon keeper, declared that he had now retired from *active* work, and demanded that Caleb take full charge of the planting of orchards on the hillsides, and arranging the irrigating plant for the vast valley gardens which the stored-up waters back of the gulch dam were to keep green all the summer through.

The twelve hundred dollars which Slavin had paid the old man on his contract, had been deposited, two hundred dollars each year, in the county-seat bank, and now that Mrs. Slavin had refused to accept its return, Mason decided to use it in the erection of a church building for Crockett City.

"It's going to be a church," declared he, "where the gospel that does something for a fellow is preached. A religion that don't make a fellow any different from what he was before, is a sham; and Crockett City is going to have the real thing."

With his own hands he quarried from his hillsides

the creamy-colored sandstone, and with his own teams hauled the great blocks to the lot selected for the new church. Here, the masons and the carpenters, paid by his own money (for Old Man Mason himself had some restitutions to make to those who had passed beyond his reach), and generous gifts from Mrs. Slavin, built a house where men would be shown how to become Bible Christians.

The passing of the saloon in Crockett City gave the temperance forces a great leverage in the next county election. When again the petition was presented, the signatures were correctly counted, the prohibition election ordered, and the hill country forever freed from the curse of the saloon, that fiercest of Anakims whose life demands the yielded strength of men, the breaking hearts of women, and the tears of childhood.

Sacredly did Old Man Mason carry out the purpose of Mrs. Slavin to bring a blessing to those families upon whom the business of her husband had fallen with its curse. Men were helped to establish their own little fruit farms; widows were freed from want; but most of all was the fund expended to lift up the childhood of the hill country, so sorely handicapped and stricken and robbed by the liquor traffic. To the youth Old Man Mason, the once terror of the hill country, became the best loved in all the land. His heart and hand were ever open to the boy or girl who was struggling through difficulties up into a wider, fuller life.

Indeed, upon him was unconsciously pronounced the highest encomium that could be given mortal man.

It was in the school that George Farris (for the teacher was soon reinstated in his position) had been telling the story of the One who went about doing good—the Man of Love—of Him who had taken the little children up into His arms and blessed them. As he closed, the teacher asked, “Now, children, how many of you can tell me the name of the One of whom we have been speaking?”

The vigorously waving hand of a new boy was given attention by the teacher: “Well, Davy, you may tell.”

“Teacher,” the lad shouted, “I know him—it’s Old Man Mason.”

A volume might be written of the transformation which came to Crockett City through the slaying of the giants of the hill country; how the class of cotton-slave tenants nearly disappeared in a multitude of small-farm owners; how comfortable, tidy homes replaced the two-pens-and-a-passage cabins; how sober husbands and sons not only brought happiness to wives and daughters, but made possible a new generation of greater physical vigor, better mental capacity, and clearer conception of the relation of man to God and his fellow.

It would be a task of pleasure to draw in detail the contrast between the shack days of Crockett City with its saloon and sandy street, and the Crockett City of factories, rows of brick business houses and paved streets—between the days of its apathy of despair and its day of self-respect and courageous setting of itself

to the problem of the age—but may we not write this now.

We would delight in following George Farris in his little school until the school became an academy, and the academy a college, from which, as the years came, scores of the youth of the hill country went forth to occupy high positions in this land, and others, crossing the seas, carried the gospel of a living Christ to be reproduced in men. This might be done, for it is history.

It would be pleasing to the reader, no doubt, could we give here the story of how a new printing office eventually arose from the ashes of the *Crockett City Enterprise*, and grew into a great publishing house, which filled the hill country with clean, wholesome literature, thus wielding a mighty influence for true manhood and womanhood.

A volume might be filled with a record of the battles and victories of the little band of worshippers in the old hall, even before they moved into the new stone church—how the enemy beset their untried way, and sifted them as wheat, discouraging the faint-hearted, blasting some in the heat of fanaticism—but how those in whom dwelt the spirit of perfect love became rooted and grounded, and did exploits for their King. Perhaps some day these New Acts of the Apostles will be read, as they have been written—above.

Honors came to Caleb Wainwright—honors and fame and blessing of earthly store. The procession which he saw departing from his life in the hour of his

full surrender to the will of God, came back, bringing each its gift increased an hundredfold—for such is the way of our God with the one who gives his all to Him.

Caleb and Nellie, with their little family, had made their home with Old Man Mason for the second year, when, upon Nellie's birthday she found at the side of her plate, at the morning meal, a deed to the old hillside farm and orchard, a gift from their friend and protector.

"I couldn't bear to think that you had been robbed of anything, honey, specially your first little home with Caleb, and where this young rascal first saw the light," patting the chubby hand of young Dorman. "So I just bought the place the other day. But, Nellie, now I find it harder than I thought—I can't spare you all yet. Stay by the old man a little longer, won't you? Not for long, not for long."

Springing from her seat the young wife clasped her arms about the bowed, white head, while her soft kiss fell upon the furrowed cheek. "Leave you, Father Mason! How could you think of such a thing? You'll have to turn us out of the house to get rid of us. Our home is where you are."

In truth, it became evident, as the summer neared its close, that it was not for long, not for long, in this world, for the old man. Slowly his pony carried him about over the hillside orchards, and down into the vast valley gardens under irrigation, bearing their rich yield of two and three crops each season. Slowly he walked and talked with Caleb of the past and future

of the hill country. "You see, son," said he, "how God had this land here worth a thousand dollars an acre all the while, and we thought ten dollars would be a top price. It's that way with the hill folks—they're worth the bringing out of what God has in 'em, boy. And I've fixed it so you'll have a chance to show 'em—just like you've made this land show what God wanted it to do. Yes, you'll do it, boy; you'll do it."

It was an evening when the gum trees were beginning to splotch the hillsides here and there with red; Caleb had been away for a couple of days on business, and the family were sitting on the gallery, in the twilight, looking down the big road for a glimpse of his return. About them the soft, fragrant, creamy air folded itself like a robe of blessing from the glory world. Down the path toward the spring, where a mocking bird was beginning its night song, shuffled and tottered, hand in hand, the form of Rube Dorman and the babe, with the chuckling old negro close behind.

"Two children," spoke up the old man, as his eyes followed the pair. "Life is a mighty strange thing after all. I reckon we'll understand it some day; before long, maybe. Nellie, I've wanted to tell you something of my life; do you care to listen?"

"Father Mason," replied the girl, as the bright tears stood in her eyes. "I've been waiting a long time for you to open that closed door to my sympathy. Do you know that night when I went to you in the old hall, you looked frightened, and called me *Agnes*—"

"Yes, yes, I know—my young wife. I thought for the moment she had come back. It was the honey-suckle in your hair—like she wore the day of her marriage; and you looked like her. She was a humble Christian, and I was stubborn. Often would she plead with me to give my heart to God, but I was young and strong, and wanted my own way. She would warn me that God would bring sorrow upon me, to break my stubborn heart, but I laughed at her.

"Then she fell sick. I prayed then, and demanded that God spare her to me, but I would not give myself to Him. Then, with a tender prayer on her lips for me, God took my precious Agnes to Himself. As with Pharaoh of the Bible, my affliction seemed to make my heart grow harder, and I rose up and cursed God. I vowed that I never again would put foot in a church, and would do all the harm to God's servants that I could.

"Ah, my life, my misspent life! How patient God is; how tender; how forgiving! To think there was a possibility of salvation for such as I!" Tears were running down the furrowed old face, but the eyes were lifted to the heavens—and beyond. "To think that all the past has been blotted out, and my soul washed white in His blood! How great is the grace of my Savior. And I shall see Him, and be like Him!

"Do you know, Nellie, that I feel Agnes very near me tonight? It seems as if I could almost put out my hand and touch hers."

In the night the doctor came; he said, "The old man

will leave us at midnight, or a little later." But the watchers, holding the toil-scarred hands, saw the darkness disappear into the grey of dawn before the crossing was reached.

Opening his eyes the old man whispered, "Sing it, Nellie, sing your song—Valley—shadows."

The young wife began tremulously, but the message filled and strengthened her voice as she proceeded:

To the Valley of the Shadows we have come where Jesus trod,
Come with loved ones as their journey nears the home prepared of God,
But the mist from off the river, blinds us as we come to part,
And the shadows, gathering darkly, cast their chill upon the heart.

Shadows dark, but only shadows, death itself we shall not see,
For our Savior in this valley conquered death and set us free.
Shadows, yet no evil nigh us; gone the terror, sting and fear.
Lo, His rod and staff uphold us, Peace, oh heart, the Lord is near.

Through the Valley of the Shadows pause we at the water's brink,
And love's chain that fain would hold them, falls apart with broken link.
But, behold! the veil is lifting; beams a city wondrous fair,
And we catch the strain immortal from our loved ones welcomed there.

Drear the valley and its shadows, yet we are not left alone,
For the Comforter abiding makes the Father's love be known.
And from out the darkness 'round us points us to the coming day,
When, with ransomed hosts returning, Christ shall wipe all tears away.

As Nellie finished singing, a shaft of light from the rising sun flashed out upon the tops of the distant

hills, and in the wondrous autumn beauty there revealed it seemed as though now indeed the prophecy had been fulfilled in a new heaven and a new earth. The glow came in at the window where the old man lay, and he turned his eyes to the glory of the hills. As he looked, joy unutterable shone from his face and rang in his voice: "See! the morning's come. Oh, the glory! Agnes! Jesus!"

Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall God.
For their rest shall be glorious.



